

LEND A HAND.

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AN important report from the Industrial Aid Society of Boston reveals an interesting and satisfactory condition of what is called the Labor Market. This society maintains a free intelligence office, which provides, in the course of the year, some thirteen hundred employers with the three thousand workmen or workwomen they want. It fits the round peg in the round hole and the square peg in the square hole as well as it can.

In a seaport, which receives every year some forty thousand or fifty thousand emigrants, the chances naturally would be that its market would be always "beared," if we may borrow that expression from the Stock Exchange.

No one would be surprised if more unemployed workmen offered, than the society knew how to place, and in the winter months this is the case. Of course, the applicant who obtains work outside its office does not feel bound to report his success, nor does the employer who employs a workman without its assistance. The balance, therefore, is apt to be against the office, so to speak. Thus, in the year 1888 there were twenty-seven hundred and forty-two male applicants, of whom only nineteen hundred and seventy-seven obtained places by the assistance of the office.

But the balance is, of course, reduced in the summer quarter, when all industries are at their best. And so remark-

able is the prosperity and activity of the country this year, that the report of the three months ending with July first, shows that, while four hundred and seventy-seven men applied for chances to work, the society placed four hundred and ninety-five men. That is to say, its market was "filled," and it could not have provided for the employers it did satisfy, but by going back to its list of the quarter before, hunting up the applicants for work who were then registered, and sending them to employers.

In other words, more men wanted to hire "help," than applied at a well-established and successful bureau asking to be hired. Of course, this indicates great activity and prosperity in the country's enterprises.

THE report thus confirms, in a very important illustration, the truth of the statement which is central in all administration of charity. There is really no such thing as a glut of "labor," or of human activity, if you take the world at large; and, indeed, you may say this of a part of the world as considerable as the United States. It may be hard to provide work which may be done by a blind man, who is paralyzed in both arms and both legs. But, granting the power to work and the will to work, there is somewhere a place for the workman.

It has been, for half a century, the great good fortune of Boston, in this whole business of the relief of poverty, that more than half a century ago Tuckerman and the men around him founded this Industrial Aid Society, which is the real centre of the Boards of Relief. Without giving a penny in alms, its business is to prevent pauperism. It does so by more agencies than one; but central among these agencies is the system of correspondence with the employers of workmen and laborers in different parts of the country, which enables its Central Bureau to know where the unemployed workman is needed, and puts it in a position to send him there.

In a recent number of our contemporary, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, there is an advertisement of a form which we hope may be widely circulated and repeated.

It is an announcement of "Business Opportunities" from some forty towns in Iowa. It names the places where a furniture store is needed, or a paper mill, or a young physician, or a harness-maker, or a workman in any other line. It gives the name of an office in New York, which can be applied to for details. The Industrial Aid is such an office in Boston.

Any community which is trying in a systematic way to meet those social problems which involve the relief of the poor and the abolition of pauperism, needs to begin with such an agency. The first duty, that is, is to provide for people who can and will work, even if they be ignorant, dull, shiftless, "unlucky," or badly trained. For such people, also, America has need. They must not all stay in the large centres; nor must any part of them expect to be provided for by charity. Somewhere there is a chance for such people to go up higher. And the first business of the intelligent good-will of their neighbors — more successful and more prosperous than they are — is to find for them the place and the opportunity.

PRACTICALLY, as this report of the Industrial Aid Society shows, what is called the work of charity relief belongs, in America, chiefly to the winter months. As we have shown in these pages again and again, the charities of the good God are so vast in our country, after the month of April begins, that His best-disposed children have little more to do than to keep open the channels for its flow. Indeed, in the southern part of the nation this period might be fixed earlier than the month of April. Wherever the climate permits agricultural work, the time comes when alms-giving may end, except in purely exceptional cases. Thus the entrance of

Florida, Texas, and the other Gulf states into the competitions of intelligent industry, has already been of great advantage in the industrial and philanthropic problems. Every carpenter, with weak lungs, who goes to Florida for his winter, relieves, by just one family more, the pressure on the gorged "labor market" of the winter months, in the frozen parts of the United States. Every rice plantation which sends north for laborers when the season begins, makes a practical contribution of the first value in the northern charities.

The Italians who have established farms or plantations in Montevideo, in South America, send every year to Italy for the laborers who are to reap them, and, when harvest is at an end, these men sail to Italy, where they may reap their own harvests. The transaction has elements of romance and poetry in it which would give Virgil ample opportunity for a fifth *Georgic*. It is an excellent illustration of a system by which, gradually and certainly, the world's difficulties in social order will be relieved, as man asserts the superiority over inanimate nature which is his birthright, and uses the established law of nature in such wise as will best serve the improvement and happiness of his race.

WHETHER North or South have the enterprise in hand, the establishment of new winter industries becomes a very important factor in the advance of our civilization. In the Northern hemisphere or in the Southern, it is the business of man to do what he can to complement the natural laws by which spring, summer, and autumn give the largest scope for human activity. The system by which a school or college is open in the winter months and has its longest vacation in summer is a rule working in the right direction. It needs some extension still, but the Dakota wheat fields and the New England mackerel schooners would now show many instances where the workman of the summer is the student of the winter. The Caliphs of Cordova, in what we call the dark ages,

had always on hand unfinished government works which could afford to wait. At these, they employed the men who at one season or another were out of work in the regular enterprises of trade. The custom by which legislatures meet in winter belongs to a proper unwillingness to withdraw from active life, for the purpose of legislation, the men most needed in the work of the state. But more can be practically done by recognizing and providing for the different activities which different climates suggest and require. And, as the canvas-back duck lays her eggs in one latitude, but finds her favorite food in another far away, the man unemployed in Maine will find that his service is essential in Florida.

It is to be hoped that as this nation learns that it is one nation made from many states, the absurd distinctions made necessary till recently by state pride and state prejudice may be done away. The state of Massachusetts maintains, at great charge, fifteen hospitals, asylums, and homes for the poor. In all of these there are hundreds of her wards, who are weak and sick here, for whom any physician would say — if they were rich — that a milder climate and the open air in winter are the requisites for health. Why should not the state remove two or three of its institutions to the highlands of Tennessee or to the dry pine groves of Florida? In the military service of the United States, where there are fewer geographical superstitions, each regiment takes its turn in those life-maintaining stations, "where men cannot die," and when the time comes it is replaced by a regiment which has been more exposed. The imagination runs riot when one thinks of what might come to two or three hundred pale and weakly "children of the State" if they were permitted to grow up in a country where the state would have to buy no coal for the furnace, and where the work of the inmates of the establishment might provide for their own food.

DESTITUTE MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

BY LILIAN FREEMAN CLARKE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago a charity was formed in Boston having for its object the assistance of women discharged from a Maternity Hospital, not yet strong enough to work, but no longer needing medical aid, the difficulty of the situation being increased by the care of a young infant. Many of these women have no home or friends to receive them. A proportion are married women reduced by poverty to a condition where they need temporary aid to enable them to become self-supporting; others are unmarried; many of these are girls under twenty years of age; and we often find that they are orphans, and that their life for years has been lonely and unprotected.

Those who engage in any charitable work are immediately confronted with a difficult problem: How to relieve suffering, without increasing pauperism or offering a reward for misconduct. It seems, at first, hard to avoid both horns of this dilemma.

In this case the solution was found by assisting the mother to support her infant and retain it in her personal care, the patient regarding this assistance as temporary, and looking forward to a time when she should be able entirely to support both herself and her child. We are satisfied that by this method our work has a tendency both to diminish pauperism and to check the increase of vice.

It is by some people thought wrong to assist a married woman, because it is justly assumed that her husband should not be relieved of the responsibility of her support. If the husband has deserted his wife, or if she has been obliged to leave him because of his intemperate habits, or other miscon-

duct, the alternative is not whether she shall be supported by her husband or by charity, but whether, by a little temporary aid, she shall become able to support herself and child, or shall sink into a permanent charge upon some state institution, her child being brought up as a state pauper at the public expense.

It is essential, also, to give assistance to an unmarried mother, the time of her leaving the hospital being a moment of peculiar peril. A young girl, not yet depraved, but who has taken the first step in a downward course, leaving the place that has sheltered her for a few weeks, without home, friends, or money, her strength not yet regained, and embarrassed with the care of a young infant, is in need of judicious aid and kindness from those who can place her in the way of leading a virtuous and self-respecting life. If not assisted by them she will probably receive help from those who would, for their own purposes, lead her farther astray; and a comparatively innocent and well-meaning girl may become a hardened and reckless woman.

We find it best to give assistance to each woman, on the ground that she is a *mother* anxious to support her child, not on the ground that she has fallen. We thus avoid stamping a comparatively well-meaning girl as a member of a degraded class. Each person is assisted on the condition of her desiring to retain her infant in her care and earn its support. It may be asked whether it is not desirable that a child should, for its own sake, be removed from a mother who has once fallen, and be placed for adoption in an asylum for infants. There are three objections to this plan:—

1. All institutions that give good care to infants are overwhelmed with applications, and obliged to refuse many more than they receive.

2. Many young children are not eligible for adoption, being sickly and feeble. This is especially the case where the child's mother has suffered from poverty or from distress of mind.

3. It is always very difficult to have a boy adopted.

In consideration of these difficulties, and in view of the fact that it is a moral injury to the mother to separate her from her child, we believe that in keeping them together we have found the most simple and effective method that could be adopted, and that we are thus co-operating with nature instead of working against it. We have carefully watched in many cases the result of this course and have repeatedly seen its advantages. The love of the mother for her child is her shield and safe-guard. The care of the helpless little one is an education of the mother's higher nature and her best incentive to a life of virtue.

During the fifteen years spent in this work we have learned several things interesting to us, and which may interest others. Our experience has not showed us that there is now a tendency to treat a young woman who has once fallen with harshness. At present there seems to be much sympathy and tenderness felt for a young girl in this position. There is danger, occasionally, that this sympathy may be shown in a way that will injure the young mother, rather than benefit her, causing her to regard herself as a centre of interest, and leading her to make unreasonable claims, rendering it difficult to assist her practically.

Many persons assume that it is impossible for an unmarried woman to support her child. This is a mistake. If it is her wish to support it, it is not difficult to find employment for her in a family which will receive both her and her child, and where they will have a good home for years. We have been surprised sometimes at finding a good, permanent situation for a very young girl, unskilled in any kind of work, whose chief qualification was that she was willing to be taught, and grateful for a good home for herself and her baby.

The experience of fifteen years has confirmed us in believing this to be an effectual method in bringing about the ends we wish to accomplish.

The work has been done by a very few ladies, who give

the larger part of their time to it. Guided by certain principles, and finding it best to adhere usually to certain methods, they are yet bound by no rigid rules, and are able to come into personal relations with those whom they assist. Each woman is regarded, not as one of a class, but as an individual, and receives the kind of aid that her character and circumstances require. We consider this an important point.

Believing that God has given into our hands the means of saving and helping some of His children, who, without this help, may wander away into paths of sin and suffering, we feel grateful to Him for trusting us with this opportunity, and desire, for the better performance of our work, a spirit of patience, humility, and Christian charity.

MR. JOHN ROLLINS'S REVENGE.

BY MISS S. H. PALFREY.

DR. GAYLING, whether he felt his victory or not, bore his faculties quite meekly, and was both sympathetic and cheering :

“ ‘Pneumonia’? O, not a bit of it! A smartish little touch of bronchitis; that’s all I can discover, — very uncomfortable, I’m afraid, but much more manageable usually, with a good constitution, — and good care. Of course, I take the thorough carrying-out of directions for granted in my prognosis. I don’t want to be understood as implying that an attack of this sort is safely to be trifled with, — the furthest possible from it.”

Dr. Gayling gave his directions. They were skilful ones; and Mr. John Rollins proved, what some otherwise good-humored persons do not, a good-humored patient, and tried to be good altogether. But, much as Dr. Gayling liked him as a man, — and that was more and more, the more he knew him, — he sometimes thought that, for a sick man, he should rather have had under his care the veriest “exile of Erin” who ever quaffed his Croton Liniment, or made himself adhesive as to his surface with Balsam of Tolu. Mr. John Rollins took immense interest in his case, as a case, and wanted to discuss, not to say dispute, every prescription, and to suspend medicines, or even to substitute others for them, in the doctor’s absence, if he thought they did not act happily, or that his symptoms had changed. If a mustard-plaster incommoded him, he “believed that it made him feverish,” and took it off. He swallowed his rations or not, according to his appetite; and, when he was restless in bed, he was known to get up and walk the floor. In short, it might be rather hard to say what he wouldn’t do.

Accordingly, he had several more wakeful and wretched nights; and, when he was feverish, his own miseries seemed, by some whimsical association, singularly complicated with those of the burglar. "There he is, choking again!" he would say, in a half dream. "Can't I ever sleep in peace, for him?—O, no; it's myself. It's very odd, but it does seem as if I should really rest better if I could hear of his getting better, poor rascal! I only gave him his deserts, though. Strange, if a life like his should put an end to a life like mine!—Well, if I have got to leave this nice, pleasant world so much sooner than I expected, it's a comfort, at any rate, to think I've a pretty clear conscience to take with me."

However,—rather strange to say, considering all things,—Mr. John Rollins did not have to leave the world at that time. He had a very "good constitution," and very "good care,"—from everybody but himself; and his medicine-chest was carried down stairs by Dr. Gayling, (till, as that gentleman told him, his "physical chest" should be in good order again,) and hidden where Mrs. Blodgett had precise directions not to find it.

Not long after, he had leave to sit up one afternoon, in an easy-chair and dressing-gown; and, when he was in bed again and his old nurse was making the last arrangements for the night, he said, "Blodgy, don't you remember, when I was a little chap, you always used to read a little '*good book*' to me the last thing after you tucked me up of an evening? Give me one now; and I'll do it again for myself tonight.—Greek New Testament?—Yes, that'll do."

She gently shut the door behind her; and he opened and read:

"A certain one had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard; and he came seeking fruit thereon, and found none. And he said unto the vine-dresser, 'Lo, these three years I come seeking, and not finding, fruit upon this fig-tree. Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?'

"But the vine-dresser answered him, 'Master, leave it this year also, till I have dug round it and manured it; and perhaps it will bear fruit. But if not, afterwards thou shalt cut it down.'"

"I didn't think of that before," said Mr. John Rollins, as he put out the study-lamp on the stand by his bedside, and turned over to go to sleep.

To the joy of the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. John Rollins was to be seen in the witness-box at the trial, looking quite "pale and interesting." He did not, however, find the pleasure he had at one time promised himself in giving his testimony. He felt his own heart quite tender with gladness at being brought back to happy life, friends, and freedom; and he was sorry to see so young a fellow before him in the dock. It was a naturally fine-looking young fellow, too, with a long, straight nose, and a face much covered with thick, rich, dark-brown beard and hair. He did not appear by any means puffed-up now, either in body or mind; and, when he raised a pair of deep, unhappy, hazel eyes to Mr. John Rollins's face, looking for the words which were to seal his doom, he looked, to Mr. John Rollins's always whimsical fancy, so much like Snuffers chained in the stall, that, had he had the power, he might not have been wanting in the will to let him go.

The hearers, as well as Mr. John Rollins, were disappointed by the brief and uncolored way in which he told his story. The solemnity of the occasion unboiled him; and he made his statement in too clear and manly a way to be gainsaid or *bothered*. It fitted, like pieces of a Chinese puzzle, into that of the officers who arrested the prisoner. They showed the tools of his craft found upon him; and Mr. John Rollins, the pistol. The old apothecary of West Oudenville identified the prisoner as a stranger, who, on the day before the attempted robbery, had tried to buy "p'ison" of him; and the young "provision-dealer" of the same town swore to having sold him, on the afternoon of that day, a great beef-

bone. But the prosecution endeavored to draw out something a little more telling.

"You have been ill, I think, Mr. Rollins?"

"Yes; I have had an attack upon the chest."

"Very ill?"

"I believe so, for a short time."

"Was your illness caused by your struggle with the prisoner in the dock?"

"No; I can hardly say there was any struggle on my part; he gave in almost as soon as I reached him."

"Please to state whether your illness was in any way connected with his attempt to enter."

"I am afraid it was." (The man, who had bowed his head as if in despair, here raised it quickly, as if to make sure that he had heard aright.) "But it might be difficult to say how much. I had a slight cold before. No doubt it might have been increased by going into the night air insufficiently clad; but I carelessly exposed myself afterwards till it ran into bronchitis."

"That will do; thank you, Mr. Rollins."

The counsel for the government went on to say, as the witness left the box, that the case was so clear as hardly to call for any remarks on his part. But he made a few remarks on his part, notwithstanding; and then the counsel for the prisoner made a few remarks on his part. But the oldest juryman, on his part, was heard to remark at the first pause, in an aside, to the foreman, "Facts is facts; an' speeches is speeches. Now facts doos upset speeches sometimes; but I never heared no speeches yet that upset facts; hey?"

And the jury found a verdict in accordance with the facts, after the judge had summed up the evidence, which he did in a summary manner.

Then it was his Honor's turn again. He said that the criminal before him had been proved to be a recent emigrant, and that he was determined, on all occasions, to use the powers entrusted to him, to the uttermost, for the discouragement of the importation of crime into this country. In consid-

eration of the youth and still much impaired health of the prisoner, he should impose upon him but two days of solitary confinement; but he held that mercy, as well as justice, demanded that the prisoner should be cut off at once, and for a long time, from evil courses and, probably, evil companions. The prisoner, John Bolings, was accordingly sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor in Blank Prison.

So John Bolings was carried off by "Black Maria" to jail; and Mr. John Rollins, by a fair and fond Aunt Maria, in her coach to her home; where he was praised, petted, *dined*, and tucked up in Chuddah shawls on a sofa; and there he slept till he went to bed, and slept there again until morning.

The next day he rose like a giant refreshed, and said, "Aunt *Mia*," (all those who had a right to do so usually called Mrs. Bellington "*Mia*,") "what's the reason they always make such oceans of gruel for sick people? Did you ever know anybody to eat it?"

"Why, not many young men, perhaps. Poor Tom did, though, when he had that terrible typhoid fever."

"That must have been when he was out of his mind, or too weak to help himself, and his (un-)natural guardians took advantage of him."

"But why do you ask, dear boy? Should you like some? How thoughtless I've been! I remember Mrs. Blodgett wrote that you took a good deal of it."

"So I did, — by deputy. Snuffers holds a good deal. — But I'll tell you what I did like, — grapes and oranges, and beef-tea fairly well. Would it be too much trouble for your *chef* to make me some by luncheon-time?"

"And is there never a little foot-page
That would win hose and shoon."

by running out for some fruit and a hack?"

"By all means, dear, unless you'll let me take you where you want to go."

"Thank you so much; but I believe I'll try an independent sally this time, — and not keep you waiting."

The beef-tea was made, and was good; but Mr. John Rollins disappointed his aunt and her cook. He did not eat it, but smacked the lips of a convalescent over it, got it put into a bottle, and drove off with it. He drove to Blank Prison, and asked for John Bolings. By good luck, it was visiting-day.

"Wall," said the doughty seneschal, "you can see him, ef you're a mind ter. He's in his cell. We couldn't put him in our hospital, 'cause we've got a diptheoretic sore-throat. But he wan't more'n hardly jest well, I guess, when he was brought into court; an' he's ben pootty nigh down sick ever sence he come here, so's the warden an' the doctor's had to put off his solitary."

The man was lying on his iron bedstead. His hair had been cut very short, and his handsome beard shorn. This altered him much, and made him look even younger than before. He was pale and pretty, like an invalid girl, with a bright red spot on each cheek. He lifted his head with a momentary eagerness at the announcement, "This here gentleman's come to see ye, Bolings," but dropped it back again on recognizing his guest, and lay gazing blankly at him with glassy, hollow eyes.

Mr. John Rollins felt rather embarrassed, and like an intruder.

"How do you do?" said he at length, quite simply.

"Badly," said John Bolings; "too bad for talk. What d'ye want wi me?"

The ungracious words look more surly to the eye, than they sounded to the ear. They seemed to groan themselves, at unawares, out of a broken heart, full of misery and despair. Mr. John Rollins hardly knew what he did want, nor why he had come. Indeed, he had hardly known hitherto, except for a vague feeling of compassion and of a sort of need to know more of this stranger, who had suddenly come, as if out of nowhere, into his life, to affect it and be affected by it to such a degree.

"Ain't you got revenge enough? If ye wants any more take it, and leave me alone."

Mr. John Rollins with some amazement recalled to mind his sentiments of a few weeks before.

"I don't know about that," said he, slowly, "unless there may be different kinds of revenge. You can call it whatever you like; but I've brought you some of the things I liked best when I was ill. Do you love grapes?"

John Bolings did not answer, but, taken by surprise, glanced with the instinctive eagerness of thirst and fever at a bunch of great, cold, juicy Malagas, which was coming out of a brown paper bag, to be held up before him.

"Try one," said Mr. John Rollins.

John Bolings could not help trying one, though as if he did so much against his will.

"Wasn't that good?" said Mr. John Rollins.

"It were!" returned John Bolings, emphatically; "thank ye."

"Help yourself," said Mr. John Rollins, putting the bunch down by his hand; "and this, in the bottle, is beef-tea. They say they can have it heated for you; and it's nice with bread for supper and breakfast. Then I think I'd better get an orange ready for you to eat it comfortably when you want it, and then I'll go as soon as I can, if you'd rather be alone."

John Bolings did not say whether he had rather be alone or not. Perhaps he did not know. He lay in silence, eating his grapes, not greedily, but with a somewhat soothed expression, and watching Mr. John Rollins, who had well-kept, well-shaped, very deft young hands.

He passed his pocket-knife once very nearly round the orange horizontally, and stripped the peel neatly, so as to make of it a covered dish with a hinge. Then he tore the contents apart by the natural divisions, and replaced them, fitting them in closely to keep each other moist. Then he took his hat; but John Bolings lifted his eyes suddenly and

appealingly to his compassionate young face ; and the exclamation broke from him : —

“It’s lonesome ! O, it’s lonesome !”

“I should think so,” said Mr. John Rollins, re-seating himself without further invitation.

“But the likes of you don’t care for the likes of I,” added John Bolings, recollecting himself.

“I do care about you,” returned Mr. John Rollins, from his heart. “I used to think about you when I was ill, and wish I could hear you were getting better, and at the — yesterday, I mean — I was so sorry to see such a looking young fellow in such a scrape, that I almost longed to have you get off. But you know it wouldn’t quite do to let fellows loose that creep about with pistols in the night, in a world where there are sleeping men, old men, and women,” he added, apologetically.

John Bolings colored all over his face, and turned away his head. Presently he raised those wistful eyes of his to Mr. John Rollins’s again, and said, most earnestly, “I never killed nobody, sir. No ! I’ve been a wery bad un ; but I never were as bad as that !”

“I’m very glad to hear it ; and I’m very glad we neither of us killed the other, the other night. — Are you getting better ?”

“I’m afeared I be.”

“I’m sorry you feel so about it. I think we may both be very thankful to get well, and to have another chance to do a little good in the world before we leave it.”

“I can’t do no good !” exclaimed John Bolings, as if such an idea was too new and strange for him to take it in. “The likes of I ben’t like the likes of you.”

“You can begin to do good things to-day, if you haven’t before,” said Mr. John Rollins, feeling as if the very necessities of the poor case before him had suddenly ordained him chaplain, and he must do his best for want of a better. John Bolings’s eyes asked him “What ?” and he went on, “Say your prayers ; forgive your enemies ; obey orders.”

"I ain't said no prayers sence little 'Arry were lost." The words seemed to choke him. He coughed violently, but managed to add, "Aye, did I—I did whiles at the workus, for schoolma'am.—She were a good un.—She were good to I, she were."

He coughed now till his breath was gone.

Mr. John Rollins looked at his watch; and the turnkey came to let him out.

John Bolings's hand beckoned for a last word. As soon as he could, he gasped:—

"Shall ye e'er come again?"

"Should you like it?"

"That shall I!"

"I will try to come."

"Soon?"

"If I can."

Mr. John Rollins did go again soon, and often. He became more, rather than less, interested in John Bolings. He taught him to read and write, which was not very easy, and to cipher, which was easier. He tried to teach him to hope, which was hardest of all. But, really, a conversation with him was much like a conversation with Snuffers. It was carried on with his eyes almost more than with his lips. He looked unspeakably glad when his visitor came, and unutterably sorry when he went away. But either he had naturally very little power of speech, or the circumstances of his life had locked it up in an ashamed and broken-hearted reserve, through which his young patron rather feared to break. He got well, however, and grew strong; and at length there came an incident in the wonted monotony of prison life.

John Bolings proved a well-behaved captive—obedient, teachable, and quicker at work than at books—and fared accordingly. Next to Mr. John Rollins, he liked one of the officers, who was an encouragement to him, though a terror to evil-doers. Among these was a German anarchist, whom

the officer in question had twice had occasion to punish for insolent and flagrant insubordination. In John Bolings's opinion this chastisement was not working out, in Heinrich Gift, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. He said nothing, but kept an unnoticed watch with his deep, clear, heedful eyes. One afternoon, in the workyard, the officer had given a deserved rebuke for idleness to the anarchist, and turned away. John Bolings warily looked up, and saw the latter suddenly swing back his heavy mallet, and, with all his great strength, aim a deadly blow from behind at the officer's skull. Though a much slenderer, John Bolings was a much nimbler man. With a warning cry, and a long leap, like a flying squirrel's, he hurled himself upon the ruffian. Gift fought desperately and dangerously. John Bolings was hurt in the scuffle, but he was stanch, and clung like a bull-dog to the huge arm that dashed him to and fro, while its fellow buffeted him. Help came. Gift was overpowered; and John Bolings was called up before the Board at their next meeting, to be warmly praised, and told that his case should be recommended to the governor for an "abridged term."

"You see, now, that you can do good," said Mr. John Rollins. His hearty congratulations on this occasion opened, not only John Bolings's heart, but his mouth, and at last he spake:—

"You won't think me a coward again now, sir, will ye?"

"A coward?" When did I ever think you a coward, I should like to know?"

"When I fust come here, sir; you said 'sleeping men, old men, and women,'" answered John Bolings, blushing up to the eyes, which were all the brighter for the tears in them.

"Oh! well; but I couldn't see how such a trusty-looking fellow ever came into such a cowardly kind of life."

"I never knowed as it were *that* afore. I knowed it were bad; but I thought it were brave; and that were all as made me like it. But, afore mammy died, I never knowed as how I were a-goin' to be bad anyways, nohow; an' if

ye wants to see how it were, sir, it were this a way:—

“The first I minds we was a-livin’ in Lon’on, me and mammy and ’Arry. He and me was twin-brothers. Daddy were gone to sea and not come back. Mammy made button-holes at tuppence the dozen. When we’d go to bed at night she’d be a-makin’ button-holes; and when we’d wake up in the mornin’ she’d be a-makin’ button-holes. Only Sundays she’d take us to church, a-settin’ in a dark corner, where we shouldn’t be seen in our shabby clothes, and then to get a mouthful of fresh air in some by-place. Mammy were always very good to us. She kep’ us in mostly for dread of our larnin’ vicious ways in the streets; but she’d tell us tales and sing us songs to keep us content. We was innocent-like little lads as a man could find within sound o’ Bow-Bell. But there were one o’ her songs all about Robin Hood, and how he’d, at risk of his life, take from the rich to give to the poor. And one day, when I’d hearkened to it, I says, ‘Mammy,’ says I, ‘that’s what I’ll do when I’m a man; and I’ll give ye a gold coach and six like the Lord Mayor,’ says I.

“‘Nay, nay, laddy,’ says she; ‘that’s naught but a song, and if it be a-putting notions in your head I’ll sing it no more. Ye must be a honest man, like yer daddy afore ye. Better Honesty in the garret than Guilt in the gilt coach,’ says she. And, though I’d cry for it by times, she’d never sing me that song no more.

“But her eyes got sore with stitching, and that dim she could hardly see across the room; and one day she went out in a fog for more work, and she didn’t come back. We cried for her; and then we cried for our supper; and then we cried ourseln to sleep. Next day a man come and told our landlord, she were run over by a ’ansome, and were took to a hospital, and died in the night. Landlord, he took us to her sister. But she had childern enough, and too many, o’ her own, and none too much to give ’em. So she didn’t want us, and weren’t very good to us. And her ’usband, he were very bad to us. ’E’d come home drunk o’ nights and pull us out

o' bed and kick us, and say he'd 'ave no beggars' brats in 'is 'ouse; and we was frighted and run away.

"Then we was wery cold and wery 'ungry. We'd pick up things out o' the kennel, or off the ground round the shop-doors, to eat, and sleep anywheres we could, not to be seen; and police was always a-drivin' us this a ways an' that a ways. But we said the prayers mammy taught us every night; and 'Arry wouldn't never steal, not if he starved; nor I didn't—much—not till he took sick. But when a little lad is wery young and wery 'ungry, and 'ain't nobody to look arter 'im, and sees heaps o' grub all about, it's 'ard for 'im. And I'd make good resolutions when hanybody give me my little belly full—it weren't often—and break 'em again w'en it were hempty again.

"Oh, I've been a wery bad un; but I never could refuse a roll o' bread since to a little lad as says he's 'ungry, if I 'ad a penny in my pocket,—not if I goes without myself! Then, w'en 'Arry were ill and got weak-like, 'e'd cry for this and that as he wanted; and I'd make believe to myself as I were Robin Hood, and run out and snatch it for him from the stalls, and never let him know how I come by it, 'cause then I knowed he wouldn't eat it. And at last they seed I and watched for I and cotched I. It were Saturday arternoon; and I were locked up over into the next week, to be had afore the justice and birched. And all the time I kept myself up with thinking 'twould soon be over, and 'twere all for 'Arry, and how glad we'd be to be together again. And they birched me the 'arder, 'cause I set my teeth and wouldn't cry. W'en they let me go, I were wery sore and stiff, and it were far; but, just as fast as I could, I went a-limping back to w'ere I'd left 'Arry. W'en I got back there, 'Arry were gone!"

[Continued]

A STATE SCHOOL OF CITIZENSHIP.

[A remedy for the Parochial School difficulty.]

BY CHARLES F. CREHORE.

THE old fable of the knights upon opposite sides of the same shield disputing as to its color, finds a modern illustration in the recent discussion anent public and parochial schools.

Upon the one side, men of religious convictions recognize the absolute obligation which rests upon a parent to have his children educated in the faith which he deems orthodox, and his undoubted right to so educate them.

Upon the other side, patriots and statesmen see that the very existence of religion itself depends upon the state being well ordered, and that in a republic like ours the state must necessarily be non-sectarian, catholic in the broad sense of the word, if it is to permanently endure. Religious liberty is guaranteed in our basic law.

Is there anything irreconcilable in these conflicting interests? Or do they in reality conflict? Let us look a little more closely into the reason for state interference with education.

It cannot be maintained that our scheme of government has a paternal function and undertakes to educate a child for that child's individual benefit. On the contrary, individual self-dependence is the keystone of the structure, and if government interferes with and limits the exercise of this quality, there must be some good reason for its so doing. This reason is, briefly: that the stability of a government by the people is directly dependent upon the intelligence with which the people administer it; and consequently, for its own preservation, the state must insist upon a proper degree of educa-

tion of its future citizens. This principle is recognized in the training schools for departments of state service, as the army and navy, and is equally applicable to training for citizenship.

"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

This text covers the whole ground at issue. Let the state educate its future citizens to the understanding of the rights and duties of citizenship, and to the proper methods of performing them, and leave the rest of the child's education to the discretion of its parents. This latter can be done by home instruction, by private schools, or corporate schools, which may or may not be sectarian. But as the great majority of our people apparently prefer non-sectarian education, and as this, upon the broad scale, is best attained by state-furnished public schools, it seems advisable to maintain, at the cost of the community, such a system as we have at present, of which any parent or guardian may avail themselves. This concession to and provision for individual rights being made, the state then has to consider how Caesar shall receive his penny.

The writer has already called public attention to a plan for accomplishing this.* His proposal was, in brief, the establishment of a new grade of public schools, to be called "State Schools of Citizenship." Attendance upon these schools should be *compulsory* upon every child in the community, unless mentally or physically incapacitated. And there would seem to be no good reason why graduation from these schools should not be made a prerequisite for the exercise of the right of suffrage.

They would naturally occupy an intermediate position, in grade, between the public grammar and high schools. Pupils leaving the former would enter them in course. Pupils coming from private or corporate schools would be required to pass an entrance examination. Any child in

* *Boston Herald* March 30, 1888, evening edition. *Education* for May, 1888.

the community (with the above named obvious exceptions) who, at a certain age, was found unprepared to enter the School of Citizenship, should be compelled to enter the regular public school for due preparation.

Every future citizen, by stringent provision of law, should be compelled to attend the course of the School of Citizenship. Of the practical details in carrying out such a plan I do not propose to speak at this time.

History, political science, ethics would be the principal topics for study, and the course should be at least of two years' duration. The pupil here should learn what his country is and how it came to be, what is its form of government, what the status of its citizens, their rights and their duties towards it. It would be an "object lesson" in democracy. All creeds, all conditions, would meet there upon common grounds, to learn their common relation to the state — their equal rights and equal duties.

It would do away with any necessity for the inspection or supervision by the state of private or corporate schools, at best a make-shift — harsh and unjust. Romanists or Calvinists could make no valid objection to a system which accorded them full power to educate their children in the way they deemed best, and only compelled them to avail of state instruction in the matters strictly pertaining to the state. Upon the other hand, however defective the education which the parents supplied, the state would have the instruction of the future citizen, in his political duties, in its own hands. It could teach him historic truth, and the use of the lesson to be derived from its study.

The putting into operation of such an extensive scheme, and the farther extension of it to an increased educational requirement as a qualification for suffrage, may seem to many as too great an undertaking. And yet at a time when wise men are gravely discussing such thoroughly radical projects as those advocated by the Nationalist Society, this simple modification of our common school system ought not to be a very difficult problem.

It is to be feared that much of the acrimony displayed in the discussion of the parochial school question arises from a desire to promote the advantage or interests of some particular sect or dogma represented by one or the other of the disputants. This is all wrong, or, at least, displayed in the wrong field. Our constitutions guarantee us religious liberty; and hence state schools of all kinds, and state interference with education for its own good, must be absolutely *non-sectarian*.

READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SO MANY inquiries are made as to books which boys and girls will read, and which it is well that they should read, that we addressed an inquiry to Miss Mary A. Jenkins, one of the accomplished directors of reading at the Boston Public Library, for a list of twenty books for boys and twenty books for girls.

Miss Jenkins has kindly furnished us with the following list, which we believe will be of value to all who have to do with young people :

FOR BOYS.

Boy Life in the United States Navy, H. H. CLARKE.
Eastward Ho, C. J. FARRAR.
Hoosier Schoolboy, EDWARD EGGLESTON.
Dab Kinzer, Two Arrows, W. O. STODDARD.
Two Cabin Boys, LOUIS ROUSSELOT.
Mission of Black Rifle, E. KELLOGG.
Footprints in the Snow, E. S. ELLIS.
Boys of '76, C. C. COFFIN.
Jack Hall, ROBERT GRANT.
Wigwam and Warpath, A. R. MONCRIEFF.
Midshipman at Large, C. R. TALBOT.
Bound in Honor, J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
Ike Partington, B. P. SHILLABER.
The Deer-slayer, J. F. COOPER.

Gascoyne, the Sandal-wood Trader, R. M. BALLANTYNE.
Robinson Crusoe, D. DEFOE.
Arabian Nights Entertainment.
Ivanhoe, WALTER SCOTT.
Recollections of a Drummer-boy, H. M. KIEFFER.

FOR GIRLS.

Six Girls, F. B. IRVING.
A Garland for Girls, L. M. ALCOTT.
The Queen's Body-guard, M. VANDERGRIFT.
Little Lord Fauntleroy, F. H. BURNETT.
Youngest Miss Lorton, NORA PERRY.
Nelly's Silver Mine, HELEN M. JACKSON.
Two Arrows, W. O. STODDARD.
A Guernsey Lily, S. C. WOOLSEY.
A Little Country Girl, S. C. WOOLSEY.
Dr. Gilbert's Daughters, M. H. MATTHEWS.
Nan, L. C. LILLIE.
Donald and Dorothy, M. M. DODGE.
Heidi, J. SPYRI.
Not Like Other Girls, R. N. CAREY.
Palace in the Garden, MRS. MOLESWORTH.
Elsie Dinsmore, M. FINLEY.
Heir of Redclyffe, C. M. YONGE.
Pearl of Orr's Island, H. B. STOWE.
We Girls, A. D. T. WHITNEY.
Wonder World, Fairy Tales.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN ON THE TECHNICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

WE give below a sensible paper contributed by the Princess Christian to "*The Queen, The Lady's Newspaper*," advocating the claims of the Women's Technical College, of which she is the president. This college, as she tells us, "began on a very small scale." The founder of it, Miss Forsyth, daughter of Sir Douglas Forsyth, has always been an enthusiast in the matter of women's welfare. As the Princess tells us, it may have humbler aims than many other institutions in which the modern tendency is to carry women's education too far, yet, obviously, it has no less useful aims. Miss Forsyth's original idea was to open an educational institution in which any or every girl in all classes of life, upon leaving the ordinary high-school or boarding-school, might, for six months, learn just such things as would best fit her for home life, with the double advantage of giving her brain that true recreation which comes from entire change of occupation.

The Princess recognizes the fact that the world has now outgrown the old traditional home-teaching which in former days was handed down from mother to daughter; that to-day subjects which were but very imperfectly, if at all, understood by our mothers and grandmothers have now become modern sciences, as hygiene, for example, and even gastronomy; as well as that much domestic work is now handed over to special workers, and, indeed, has become an entirely separate trade, such as laundry-work, confectionery, etc., etc. The Princess Christian believes that if these facts were more practically recognized, England would, in another generation, have a race of women far better able to occupy the position of head of a household, and that her

countrymen and women would not so often hear the reproach that none but useless women emigrate.

“I was asked some months ago to write something for this paper, and was prevented from doing so. Since then the kind request has been repeated. I have been thinking a great deal about what I should write, and it has struck me that a few words about women's technical education would not be out of place. It is a subject, I am glad to find, which is beginning to occupy a good deal of attention. Far be it from my intention to say one word in disparagement of the higher education of women, which must raise the tone of women's minds and develop their mental faculties; but I do feel that there is a tendency to carry such education too far, and to think no knowledge worth having which does not vie with that of men. I have always held that there is a great danger in this, first of all because I think it is a short-sighted policy. Those women who are forced by circumstances to earn their daily bread seem to think that there is no field open to them but in competing with men on their ground, with the disastrous effect of adding to the overcrowded market, and thereby necessarily lowering the rate of remuneration. Secondly, I feel most strongly all that we women lose by attempting rivalry with men. We lose sight of all we might be, and of the very high position we could and should hold in this world, by struggling to be a weaker imitation of them. Exceptions only prove the rule. That small section of women whose minds are pre-eminently adapted for classical and mathematical learning, to them every facility ought to be given to train their best faculties, and enable them to reap their due reward.

“There is a view of technical education which I should like to mention, as I think it is often overlooked, that is, the reason why home teaching, which in former days used to be handed down from mother to daughter, can now be taught to so much greater advantage in schools. Knowledge has so much increased, and the art of imparting it, that experts are

needed to teach it accurately and well. For example, hygiene has become a modern science, absolutely necessary for every woman to study, in order that her house may be a healthy habitation. Gastronomy, in its widest sense, is a science. The choice and preparation of food suitable to climates and seasons, ages and constitutions, should be carefully studied and known. These subjects were but very imperfectly, if at all, understood by our ancestors. Much domestic work which was formerly learnt and practised at home is now handed over to special workers, and has become to be considered as a separate trade; for instance, laundry-work, etc.

“There is no doubt that farmers’ wives and daughters are quite different from those of fifty years ago; they no longer manage their own dairy and poultry, nor do they educate their daughters to take part in these domestic arts. It is the age we live in which is partly to blame for these changes; it is impossible, nor could one wish, to stem the current; the true wisdom lies in directing it wisely, and not shutting one’s eyes to the attendant evils. Progress is inevitable, and therefore desirable. Let women be duly qualified, and let them choose discreetly their paths of usefulness.

“This idea of sound technical training is no longer a mere dream, for a college has come under my own personal notice, of which I am president, and in which I am much interested, which was founded for this purpose. I believe this is not the only instance of such an institution. This scheme was set on foot by Miss Forsyth, daughter of Sir Douglas Forsyth. She began it on a very small scale, feeling her way, and only enlarging it as she saw it succeed. Her wish has not been to revolutionize the existing systems of female education, or to supplant any of them; but, on the contrary, to supplement them, intending the teaching in her school to be a course which girls should go through after they have passed the higher examinations, and the groundwork is laid for the duties of practical life. Miss Forsyth is most anxious that her school should not become a mere fash-

ionable novelty, and her object is to give real solid training. To use her own words: 'To combine thoroughness of teaching with speed in learning, and so concede as far as possible to the convenience of an economical and hurry-loving public. My original idea was to start a school where every girl, when she leaves the high or ordinary boarding-school, might, for six months, learn those things which would best fit her for her home-life before she is called upon to plunge into society or a profession or marriage, and where her brain would have that true recreation which exists best in change of occupation, and not in mere idleness.'

"I quite agree with Miss Forsyth that the advocates for brain culture have rather too much faith in the power of book-learning, and in the theory that a highly educated woman ought to be able to turn her hand to anything. 'I am willing to grant the *ought*; but what I fail to see is that she *does*.'

"In addition to this technical school, in which millinery, upholstery, dressmaking, cooking, household management, and fine laundry-work are thoroughly taught, very efficient lectures on hygiene and finance are given, Miss Forsyth has in contemplation a further development, which must prove of even greater influence. It is a training which aims at fitting women to go forth to the colonies properly qualified; so that, instead of meriting the reproach that only the useless women emigrate, for whom no employment can be found here, the object is that those who go out shall be capable of helping in the development of the colonies.

"There are many other subjects which must be taught if this further idea is to be carried out; for instance, poultry and dairy farming, bee-keeping, type-writing, and other occupations which women can do well. This school should be, in its widest sense, a technical college, for it would exist for the purpose of bringing out each woman's strong point in 'technical' matters. It will enable her to make her life independent of circumstances, by earning better salaries if going out to earn her livelihood, or, if called upon to be a wife and a

mistress of a household, she will be saved all the wearing discomforts of the little daily details of domestic life which press so heavily on those who are devoid of such training and knowledge.

“Miss Forsyth has lately been called upon to give attention to the immediate formation of country branches, both at Bedford and Birmingham; it may be hoped that she will have an opportunity there to start this wider scheme, which, to be thoroughly successful, should afford training for all classes, not alone for ladies.

“The education of women in this present day is of such momentous interest, and stretches over such a wide field, that I feel very diffident in giving my own opinion about it; it is only because I do feel so strongly how much women may and can do without stepping out of their own sphere that I have ventured to touch upon the subject. Miss Forsyth has taken for her motto, and hung up in her class-room, the following words: ‘Be not simply good, but be good for something;’ and I should like to add a sentence I found in a German book the other day, ‘Do thoroughly whatever is given you to do, love thoroughly that which is given to you for your own, and help to work out the future according to God’s will.’ And who can doubt the great future that women have before them? It rests with them alone.”

SOMETHING NEW.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

THE readers of *LEND A HAND* will be interested in a plan that has just been developed in Chicago, the city of new ideas. In June, 1889, the "Temperance Education Society" was incorporated under the laws of the state of Illinois. Nothing new in that? That depends on what is educated, and where the educating is done. The average opponent of temperance teaching and principles does not inform himself as to the progress of these ideas, nor the need of temperance work. In fact, he knows as nearly nothing at all about the subject as is possible for him in this age of the world. Given, then, the problem—to make a man see facts that tell their own story, in spite of himself; how shall it be solved?

Not, as a rule, by the daily papers that such people read, nor by the lectures that they hear; not by the teaching that they receive through contact with their fellow-believers. There remains, however, one field that has not been entered heretofore—one opening that has been overlooked—one place where facts may be shown, and that almost in spite of the determination of men not to see them. Shrewd business men consider advertising in the street-cars as among the most profitable methods they employ. Acting on this belief, the "Temperance Education Society" has secured space in the street-cars of the city of Chicago, and has hung therein cards containing telling facts of local interest in regard to the liquor traffic. These are most carefully prepared; the statements are taken from official returns that cannot be challenged, and are strictly "non-partisan, non-political, non-sectarian." Take the following as samples:—

"One million six hundred and seventy-five thousand barrels of beer consumed in Chicago in 1888.

"At five cents a glass, three hundred and twenty glasses to each barrel, \$26,800,000, Chicago's Beer Bill."

"\$26,800,000

IS	MIGHT BE
SPENT FOR	SPENT FOR
BEER,	11,166
1,675,000	HOMES,
BARRELS,	AT \$2,400 EACH,

BY WORKINGMEN."

These cards are printed in red and black, so as easily to catch the eye, and are to be changed monthly. Already the value of the device is showing itself in the provoking to conversation and discussion. The promoters of the scheme have made full arrangements to verify any of their statements that may be called in question, and many are interested in this who have always stood aloof from other forms of temperance work.

The secretary of the society will be happy to correspond with those interested in the matter in other cities. Address him at 158 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. It is hoped that the idea will spread, as the "children of light" show themselves to be "wise in their generation."

JOHN LONG'S WAY.

A SOCIAL STUDY.

[The story of a Philadelphia Damien.]

BY D. O. KELLOGG.

THE southern boundary of aristocratic Philadelphia, with its pedigrees and exclusiveness, runs along Pine Street from the Delaware to the Schuylkill. Below this line conditions change, and social life moves like the turbid, swirling waters of the Missouri beneath the precipitous bluffs at its sides, on the summit of which are the verdure and the bright flora of a venerable vegetation.

Let us go hence down Seventh Street a few steps. A square below the African population is in the ascendant, and the people of the Aryan races, who keep a foothold there, assimilate their complexions to their sable neighbors by the neglect of soap and water. Another square further down comes the great shopping street of this region — the equivalent of the Bowery in New York, or of Hanover Street in Boston. At the intersection of Seventh Street a look to the right or left is along ill-scoured garments swaying in the wind, cobbled boots and shoes displayed on racks, battered kitchen and table ware, indicating that the tenants are dealers in "cast clothes" and junk. The three alluring golden balls are also to be seen pendant over some Jewish "uncle's" door, and the saloon has degenerated into frequent tipping-rooms, where an infernal compound is drawn on tap from whiskey-casks. Here a motley tide flows along the thoroughfare, as if seeking to discharge itself upon some useful result, but there are eddies all along of listless, dilapidated loungers. A square further south the moving tide has nearly ceased, the

loungers are predominant, the stagnant waters of the city are reached.

This juxtaposition is striking. In New York, Baxter Street is within pistol-shot of the courts of justice; in Boston, North Street skirts the shipping district; in London, Spital-fields and the Whitechapel Road begin at the old city walls. Outlawry creeps up to the very centres of influence; and, lying supinely there, mutely accuses, in one city, exclusive, pleasure-loving society of inhumanity; in another, the laws; in another, commerce; and in another, the exchangers of wealth. It is a horrible, tragic, disregarded protest against the self-absorption of that part of the world which is cosmic — this Lazarus with his dog-comforters perpetually at Dives' gate.

Let not the gentle reader fear lest this paper draw aside the curtain from the pestilent life of these municipal swamps. Its object is quite different. It is to bring into light an instructive and heroic life quenched in the mephitic vapors of Alaska Street in Philadelphia. Down to the lowest bog of this city our steps have thus far been led. The district, fortunately, is not large, neither does it lie along any thoroughfare. Its area is nearly rectilinear, and is cut up by numerous petty streets and courts, of which the longest is Bedford Street, and the worst was once known as St. Mary's Street, but the city fathers, wishing to rid the spot of its bad reputation, and, perhaps, with a reverent feeling for whichever saintly Mary was implicated, called the passage-way Alaska Street. At one time, it is said that if a solitary pedestrian of respectable appearance entered this precinct, even by daylight, he was sure to come out with his purse filched, if not with the bruises of an assault upon him, and at night the police gave it a wide berth. Whatever the life that went on there, it was intrenched.

About twenty-five years ago a mission to reclaim this slough was organized by a few men whom Christian hopefulness had made adventurous. Perhaps they were incited



thereto by the previous labors of Mr. Pease at the Five Points in New York, whose valorous humanity breached the walls of that Pandemonium, and opened it to the agents of the law. The trustees of the mission, in searching for a man to execute their purpose, were so fortunate as to alight upon John Long, an itinerant Methodist preacher, whose subsequent career was a brave and prolonged martyrdom. The first venture made was the erection of a two-story building in Bedford Street, of which the upper story was used as a chapel, and the lower was divided into rooms in which to store relief commodities, to receive applicants, and to hold meetings. To this Mr. Long soon added the operations of a Building Society, as that form of mutual borrowing and lending known in Massachusetts as Co-operative Banking, is called in Philadelphia, its original home. In these two forms, of preaching and house-buying, the religious and secular elements of the work seemed to embody themselves, and it was not long before some members of the controlling board began to suspect their incompatibility, and to urge Mr. Long not to "leave the Word of God and serve tables." Thus two factions sprang up in the mission, if so strong an epithet may be applied to men generously and forbearingly divided in opinion; one applauded and the other criticised their agent's methods. To this dissonance are due the disclosures which this narration is now to publish.

A dozen years ago a trustee of the mission friendly to Mr. Long's method, wishing to reinforce his position, requested two or three persons somewhat conspicuous at that time for their agitation of various reforms in the relief of the poor, to inspect the work in the Fourth Ward, and report to him thereon. On a predetermined day they entered the district. It was by no means then a savory place, but it was tranquil. Here and there were groups of three or four hard-looking men quietly conversing; or two or three women, returned from the morning round of begging, gossiping together. The streets were narrow, the widest hardly more

than thirty feet across. They were lined by forlorn frame houses, standing flush with the sidewalk, and, for the most part, having a cant at one end, or a hollow-backed roof, or lines askew somewhere, threatening their early collapse. Among them were scattered, here and there, rows of two or three brick houses, with white marble trimmings, after the conventional Philadelphia pattern. Usually the weather-boards of the frame houses were from ten to twelve inches broad, and often warped from their fastenings into great gaps. Window-frames and door-frames had ceased to be rectangular, and for the most part there were no blinds. Here and there narrow hatches projected into the sidewalk, nearly level with it, of such dimensions as to suggest that descent into the cellars must be by something like ladders. Few of these cellars appeared to be occupied, but once they were the lowest depths of Tartarus—the scenes of frightful orgies presided over by female *Thenardiers*.

In one of the little brick houses already mentioned, and directly opposite his church building, Mr. Long was found. He was of slight frame and hardly of medium stature. There was a perceptible stoop in his shoulders; his beard was black, full, and rather long, and its color heightened the pallor of his countenance. His speech, in a low and gentle voice, was direct and lucid, without affectation or waste of words. The man, though he could not have been fifty years of age, was a confirmed valetudinarian, and, indeed, his remaining years proved to be but few. He said that twelve years of residence in that district had infected his whole system with malarial poisons, which he could not throw off. No one knew better than he that his home was in one of the breeding-places of infectious diseases, for he observed that when any of them broke out in the slums of New York they first appeared in his locality in Philadelphia, or that the process was exactly reversed when one of them began in his neighborhood. To illustrate what an efficient coadjutor a good daily journal could be, he said that, at a time when a malignant fever prop-

agated from city to city, through their neglected purlieus, and when all his representations and appeals to the Board of Health failed to bring to his aid a single sanitary inspector or scavenger cart, the managing editor of the *Public Ledger* sent to him reporters, and upon their representations trained his guns upon the inert officials with such effect that, for the first time in years, the precinct was cleansed so that the bricks of the sidewalks could be seen, and the curb-stones were visibly proved to exist. In such an atmosphere this man toiled unrepiningly, while his own life flickered in unwholesome vapors toward extinction. Slight in stature and feeble in strength, he was a stranger to the sensation of fear. He caused desperadoes to be locked up in jail without caring for their resentment; he penetrated to the bedsides of the sick in houses overflowing with thieves; he snatched imperilled victims from the hands of the procuress; he went on his errands of mercy through the boisterous crowds of midnight debaucheries; he confronted alone the lawlessness that encompassed him, and rebuked it without quailing. Indeed, it was his splendid courage which eventually won for him an ascendancy over the poor wretches about him, for even they were not too debased to admire so brave a man.

His words cannot now be recalled, but in substance he gave an outline of his reclaiming experiences as follows:—

“When this work began it was based upon the prevalent theory that the only true regeneration of a man came through the converting power of the Holy Ghost changing his heart; that the means of grace were preaching and praying; that all other methods of influencing men were worldly, superficial, and perverting. It is true that the mission provided for poor-relief, but the distribution of donatives was considered to be like the grain scattered on the ground to allure the bird to the snare—our snare being the anxious-bench in the chapel. Probably, also, it was felt that many of our possible converts would have to relinquish their former modes of getting a livelihood, such as rum-selling, thieving,

begging, and worse undertakings, and we must be ready to maintain them until they could get footing in some honest employment. I diligently applied this scheme, and we had a continuous revival. The anxious-bench was constantly filled, and every week appeared at the relief-room men and women who had experienced an edifying work of grace, applying for aid to better courses of life. The significance of this work of grace became manifest when I began to inquire about the lapsed. My converts all lapsed — indeed, they lapsed frequently. They turned backsliding into a habit. As an average it required about six weeks to complete the cycle from the altar to new clothes, coal, and provisions, to the tap-room, the gutter, and back to the anxious-bench in squalor and rags. I soon learned that to ‘cast pearls before swine’ was to be rent by a viciousness rendered impudent by encouragement and inveterate by hypocrisy.

“Another truth was all the time becoming clearer, and soon became clamorous over the whole city. It grew evident that it was impossible to live a pure or decent life in such surroundings as the precinct imposed upon people poor, undisciplined, and conscious of exclusion from respectability. The most urgent reform of these external conditions was that of the street-sweeper. The eye pleaded for it, the nose demanded it. But, to accomplish this veritable Augean task, the interposition of the city street department was necessary, and this could not be had, until, at last, a spotted fever began to rage in this quarter, and the beggars from the Alaska Street lairs to carry it to the back-doors in the opulent wards. The dead-carts were rumbling daily from the Fourth Ward to the Potter's Field, and unless something were speedily done the hearses would soon be defiling from Rittenhouse Square to Laurel Hill. The voice of the neglected at last grew so strident that it was heard by the municipal government, and the scavengers came to lay the foundation of a little better morality in the Bedford district.

“Something definite had now been gained to purify the

air, and, therefore, to invigorate the bodies of the wretched residents, and cleanliness at the curb-stone made neatness in the house more practicable. But the moral abandonment of the place still remained enclosed in its hickory shell, which some rude blows were required to crack. I perceived," said Mr. Long, "that there had grown up in this quarter a conventional life just as complete and exacting as that of the most fashionable social circles. Bedford society was exclusive, too, for, while the credentials of former crimes were advantageous, though not necessary, to enter it, conformity was indispensable to remaining in it." Here was a sinister confirmation of Goethe's maxim, "*ubi sunt homines, modi sunt.*"

Now what was the principle which constituted the social bond of this quarter? It was that of sequestering it from the police. The one law of the place was that there should be no law. Like all social rules, it was unwritten, and was expounded by common consent. Following Guizot's analysis of the growth of statutes, there had been first precedents, then a custom, and there the progress stopped, just as it did with the *lex non scripta*, or common law of Great Britain. In this community the requirement was that no one should give evidence against another. Every one was to be oblivious of his comrade's or neighbor's conduct. The expedient was simple and efficacious. Whatever arrest might be made within this reservation, the accusation must fail for want of evidence. No doubt the poor creatures among whom this usage had grown up never reflected upon its real significance. Society was represented to them by a helmet and a black-jack, a court and Moyamensing jail, or harsher restraint of liberty. But the truth lay deeper. They were outlaws, a term by which we mean they were obnoxious to law, and must endure its severest terms. Hence they sequestered themselves. There were two worlds forced together by the artifices of the statute. Paralyze the statute, and they are cut apart. One is tempted to moralize here, and say how wretched the

condition of society is when its parts are bound together by no better tie than legislation. It is forensic art against organic life. But the suggestion of the thought is all-sufficient for this narrative. Mr. Long did not develop his ideas in the rhetoric of the pen now embalming his memory. But he did assert all that is definite in it. After months of experiment he saw that he must crack the shell of this Bedford life and open it to the broad light of the general life.

Here is where all the embarrassments of a divided support came at last to a centre. It was the point of departure, too, for a vastly larger generalization of social duty. Over the silence of a decade I seem to-day to hear the low, calm voice of that tremulous and undaunted man saying to me: "I could not build on what I found here. Temples of stone do not grow in a marsh, though a Venice may come there in time. I needed the stern presence of magistracy, which stands for the historic, cosmic world. The Fourth Ward could not furnish it; I must seek it without. The stones of Venice came first from the old civilizations of Heraclea and Ravenna — from shore-fastened and venerable towns. The new era of this lagoon must be built of material from the culture of generations." Hence came the Building Society.

"I resorted to it," said he, "because it was essential to bring here residents of normal stature, and to fix them here. Every such resident was a wedge that drove in the outside life. Honest men feel the sanctities of an oath, recognize obligations, and so lay, or rather are, a foundation for honest social structures. Behind these men come the police and courts, not as avengers of outraged law, but as protectors of order. The transition is immense."

Mr. Long's forecast was right. His Building Society broke up rookeries and replaced them with firesides. The cosmic men came and the intrenchments were carried. To change the metaphor, in the congestion of Bedford Street the pulse of law and order began to throb, and the people there saw that they were part of a commonwealth.

This scheme gave rise to a new criticism: "Where, a while before, stood a swarming lair there is now a neat brick house, but the inmates are not the same. This is substitution, not reformation. We wish, not to transform a street, but to regenerate men."

"Do you not see," said the critics, "that you have exterminated nothing, but only dispersed contagion? By your process the vagabond of Alaska Street becomes the tramp of New Jersey; the cut-purse of the Fourth Ward becomes the pilferer of Kensington; the beggar of Bedford Street becomes a Germantown pauper. Is it not better all round not to dispossess and scatter these creatures, but to keep them circumscribed here, where we can be on our guard against them, even though the precinct remain offensive to the eye?"

Here Mr. Long found the test of his work, and the great law of human regeneration grew luminous under his use of it.

"I dwelt long on these objections," said he, "and began to follow up my 'children of the dispersion,' anxious to know the exact truth. Happily, I found the criticism to fail. Alaska Street life could be lived only in Alaska Street. When my uncanny parishioners were dislodged and went elsewhere they adopted the manners of the new neighborhood. I have met hundreds of men and women who had been squeezed out of this precinct by my operations, and always inquired of them, when I could, what they were doing and how they were getting on, and, as a rule, it turned out that the vagabond here became a farm-laborer in South Jersey, the gamin of Bedford Street a newspaper boy in the upper wards, the saucy girl of Alaska Street a mill-operative in Frankford, the professional beggar of our cheap lodging-houses fish-peddlers up town. Of course, there were irreclaimable sots and criminals, but the latter class are always migratory, and to them the rookeries here were never more than temporary refuges. The sots I locked up in the House of Correction, where they were sobered off, and their flesh got hard and

sound in the quarries and fields on the Pennypack Creek. The criminals went to Moyamensing jail. For such characters a Balfour was a necessity, for in their cases coercion was the only 'moral suasion.'"

In these representations Mr. Long enforced his views by an illustration so full of a strange and beautiful self-renunciation that it ought to be emphasized in the narration.

"I constantly encounter on the streets people over whom I worked hard and with earnest solicitude, who refuse to recognize me. At first their manners hurt me, and I dwelt morbidly on the ingratitude of mankind. But I found out my mistake and learned to accept these rebuffs with pleasure. These people were not ungrateful, but they had entered upon new associations and a pure career, in which every reminiscence of the Bedford life was a pain. Nor this alone; it was a menace of relapse. I was a link that bound the old and the new careers together, and they cut it. Now when my old beneficiaries ignore me I bless God with a throb of thankfulness."

No further lines need be etched in to complete the picture of John Long, the martyr. In unselfishness and unconscious bravery, for fifteen years he immersed himself in the miseries of the lowest life Philadelphia comprised, and the awful task depressed him in mind and body. Daily he grew more attenuated and tremulous; daily he was more bent in form, more pallid in complexion, more translucent with humility and devotedness, and then he died. What his harsh experiences taught him, he believed to be that, as an isolated personality, his strength was puny; that the cosmic world was well-nigh omnipotent to make vagabonds by exclusion and respectable men by inclusion. Is it not this law which has given the doctrine of the Incarnation such hold upon the Christian imagination? Not dogma, not alms, but noble associations, are the regenerating means of grace, the true sacraments of heaven. Good fellowships are the inspiration and the custodian of character.

SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO METHODS OF PROMOTING GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

BY CHARLES F. CREHORE.

It goes without saying that the personal example set by an individual is one method of promoting good citizenship, and that the first thought of those seeking to do this should be to order their lives in accordance with the duties and obligations of good citizens.

Each one should not only endeavor to gather the requisite instruction upon these points for himself, but also to induce his neighbors to undertake similar study.

In paragraph 2 of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship's "Circular to members and friends," we read:

"The immediate and special inquiry as to the nature of good citizenship leads to the study of political history and political philosophy. We wish to see more serious and thorough study of what the world's great thinkers in the past have thought and said upon government and the state. We wish to encourage a more careful study of our own American history and institutions, our constitutions and laws, and this in comparison with those of other countries.

"Members of this Society, individually or in association with each other, in simple local organizations, in clubs, or classes, are urged to these studies in a more systematic and comprehensive manner for themselves, and to prompt, direct, and assist such studies on the part of others. Let them study the town and the town meeting; let them study the city, the commonwealth, the nation, and international relations. It is by such broad studies of history and of politics that a true civic spirit is chiefly sustained. They are, therefore, the primary duties of the American citizen, and especially of those who, interested in this movement, desire to promote a more intelligent patriotism and a better public opinion."

Let us consider a little in detail how this can be carried out. To do it in the simplest manner, at a very moderate expenditure of

time, the perusal of one of the many excellent manuals referred to in our "Circular of Information No. 1" would suffice.

For those who have the necessary time at their disposal, a very instructive general course would be:—

First. The study of the early French ideas of democratic government, which influenced profoundly the founders of our republic. Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws* contains a good resume of these ideas and is readily obtainable.

Second. Study of the outcome of this thought in American democracy, as De Tocqueville found it some sixty years ago, modified by Anglo-Saxon common sense.

Third. Reading the masterly analysis of our present political status in the recent work of Prof. James Bryce.

In these three authors we may "see ourselves as others see us," as we have been and are.

Another interesting field of study, now easy to be pursued, is the origin and development of our local institutions. The publications of recent years, notably those of Johns Hopkins University, have placed a large quantity of material at the student's disposal. The recent special publication upon "Local Constitutional History of the United States," by Prof. George E. Howard (published as an extra volume by the University, 1889), groups and classifies the facts relating to the various individual localities, and traces the origins of their institutions to their sources in the primitive conditions of the race.

Familiar names in Boston and Cambridge—whose owners we are proud to number among our members—have made valuable contributions to our local and institutional history, not the least valuable of which have appeared in the publications of the Old South leaflets. But enough has been said upon the kind of book suitable for the student. It is in contemplation by a committee of the Society to publish lists of books specially adapted to this end.

It is apparent that all such study, however, only results in fitting the student, or club, for self-exercise of the duties of citizenship. If he or they wish to extend their influence to others, save by the mere force of example, more direct and aggressive work is necessary. To this end clubs or societies should be formed. Public lectures

and debates must be instituted. Such work may well take the form of an inquiry into the history of local political institutions. An excellent example is to be found in the proceedings of the "Chelsea League." These have been reported in numbers of the *Woman's Journal*, and a brief abstract of them was given in this magazine for May, 1889.

Local newspapers are excellent media for bringing to public notice the views of individuals or clubs, and they frequently reach those who could not be brought to attend lectures or debates. Articles embodying the result of local historical research are always acceptable to editors and interesting to most of their readers. Economic subjects can be made attractive. Political ethics, if not so easy to render entertaining, are, nevertheless, highly instructive.

A very effective method of interesting younger people is that pursued in the "Old South work." Courses of lectures upon suitable topics are given for their especial benefit; books to read in conjunction with the lectures are indicated; and leaflets of pertinent matter distributed. To all this is added a prize competition for the best essays, by the children, upon some assigned subjects.

It is well to bear in mind that in our country there is a lack of healthy interest in our political organization, our history, our needs and their remedies. We have fallen into the habit of thinking that our political parties look out for all that, and we give ourselves up to our personal pursuits, with the comfortable conviction that, if we vote with the party at the next election, and, perhaps, urge our neighbor to do likewise, we have done all that can be asked of us.

The fact remains, however, that the gentlemen who control our political parties are occupied with far other things than the promotion of the welfare of our individual locality, and but little is done for its benefit. Local love for, and pride in, our town, our country, or our state, is needed to ensure its best interest, and this love and pride is cultivated, and fostered, by the study of local history. These suggestions are, in the main, especially applicable to the smaller cities and towns, especially those far enough from the great centres to have individual character.

While it is, perhaps, even more important that he should do so, the denizen of a large city, or one of its adjacent "bed-room" sub-

urbs, finds it difficult to get a grasp of local needs, and to take a direct interest in their remedy. But in the independent community of moderate size a few energetic workers can reach most of their fellow-citizens and arouse their interest. Nor should this interest be allowed to flag after each annual election. The local government should have the same constant thought and care in the minds of the citizens that their churches, their charitable organizations, or their clubs command. Love and pride in their town should be ever present, and, as we have pointed out, it is best stimulated by the study of local history. Get the older men to tell the story of its growth in the older days, and show the young how they have become the successors of its pioneers. Their interest will be aroused, and the town meeting will seem a very different thing from what they have hitherto regarded it.

TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a Hand.

HOME CLUB WORK.

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

AS CHRISTIAN civilization advances, the home will become more and more a centre of intelligence, reflecting the light of the church, the school, and the state. The higher education of women, and the broader, or rather the finer, education of men, are already potent factors in extending the work and influence of the home in a way not possible even twenty-five years ago. While organized effort, as seen in the Society for Home Study, and the Chautauqua Assemblies, has been quietly but effectively working toward this result, private or individual leadership has also added its mite. My own experience in this direction has been so delightful, and, judging from results, so helpful, that possibly a reference to it here will suggest to others a way not only to lend a hand but to make many a winter evening in the home-life memorable.

It is several years now since a good-sized company of young men and women began to meet at my home one evening in two weeks for mutual improvement. Distinct literary work, as found in Edmund Clarence Stedman's *Poets of America and Victorian Poets*, claimed the attention for some time, to the great satisfaction of all. As the method, as well as the result of this work, was given in the Boston *Literary World* of July 9, 1887, and June 9, 1888, I will not dwell upon it here. Suffice it to say that a fine outlook was thus enjoyed, perhaps to be appreciated even more fully as the years go by; for a broad horizon opening to an intelligent seeker early in life has an effect which more and more becomes apparent. But I would like particularly to speak here of the work of the past winter. It has had an undercurrent of literary study,

but, in its purpose, has included something more. For one thing, it has had an eye on the marked events of the day. Among other things, the novel ideas that "Looking Backward" suggested received considerable attention. What, however, seems to me to have been its crowning work, was the bringing out the special talent of individual members for the good of all. One member of the club, a bright young lawyer, spent one evening in giving good practical information concerning the law. This was interspersed with interesting questions, which not only gave spice to the occasion, but brought out wise answers.

Another evening was spent in the interests of banking, several of the members being engaged in that business. The one to whom the subject was especially intrusted, had on hand for illustration a water-bond, a letter of credit, a draft, check, etc., all of which helped simplify the subject. Many questions were asked and well answered, making a very enthusiastic meeting.

One of the young ladies, being a member of the School of Design in Boston, was assigned another evening to inform the club of the work being done in that institution. After giving an account of the school since it was founded in 1873, she interspersed an account of wall-paper and other designs with an exhibition of some original ones of her own, which were highly appreciated. Some general information as well as designs were also given in the line of embroideries. The subject easily led to art in general, and a novel as well as instructive evening was the result.

The meetings of the club have, from the first, been suggestive rather than dogmatic. Many little incidental pleasures have enlivened the gatherings. The utmost harmony has prevailed. There has been no attempt at organization, no secretary, treasurer or directors. Only a leader, who opened her house and lovingly gave the time and help she could, and some fifteen or twenty members, who promised to attend as faithfully as possible the regular meetings. The promises were well kept, and the interest and genuine appreciation were sustained to the last.

I feel confident that those who, another winter, can work in the general way I have pointed out, will find a delight and profit which will do much to extend home influence and work. Let the attempt be made.

TO THE MEMBERS OF MY HOME CLUB.

While dwelling in sweet wisdom's fruitful ways,
 In company with poets great and good
 Who met our human nature's every mood,
 What life was ours beyond our words to praise!
 In seeking for the secret of the lays
 Which clothed in art pure Nature's daily food,
 Or brought to light a Christian brotherhood,
 We garnered helpful thoughts for future days.

'Tis one of wisdom's joys while lingering here
 To plant her seeds of righteousness and peace,
 To give a sweet companionship and cheer
 To those who seek from her their soul's increase.
 This, friends, we've felt in our club atmosphere—
 Will not its memory linger till life cease?

 TWENTY-MINUTES-A-DAY WORKING SOCIETY.

In connection with the Woman's Home Missionary Association we find a society with the above name. It is surprising to find the amount of work that busy fingers can accomplish in so short a time as twenty minutes each day. If any of our readers doubt it, let her conscientiously give that amount of time to working for some poor person for one month, or even one week, and then remember that many hands not only "make light work," but accomplish much work. We give the rules of the society below:

ARTICLE I. To work twenty minutes a day, or two hours a week, according to convenience.

ART. II. Each lady to furnish her own materials, and make such articles as are suitable either for home missionaries and their families at the West, or for distribution among the colored people or poor whites at the South.

ART. III. To contribute twenty-five cents a year for the purpose of defraying expenses of transportation, etc.

Further information may be had on application to Mrs. J. J. Blaisdell, Beloit, Wisconsin.

THE CO-OPERATIVE TENS.

BY WILLAMETTA A. PRESTON.

"WHY, Nettie, are you one of them?" inquired Flossie Arnow, as her cousin entered the room, wearing the silver Maltese cross.

Nettie looked down upon her little badge with a fond smile. No need to answer that question. Flossie had asked a half a dozen others already.

"What are you doing? Won't you go with me to the Lend a Hand this evening? Can't you tell us something different to do?"

"What are you doing? I didn't know you had a Ten here," replied Nettie Eason. "It is so long since I have been here, and we haven't written each other as we might have done."

"Why didn't you join the King's Daughters?" inquired Nettie, when they were cosily settled in the hammock under the large maples.

"We are going to some time," replied Flossie, "but we wanted to interest some of the boys, so we thought a good Lend a Hand would be best to start with. If we carry out the multiplication there may be all sorts of Tens here in the course of time. The only trouble will be to find something to do. What delightful times you must have in the city! There can be no lack of work there."

"Do you mean to say you can't find enough to do?" inquired Nettie in surprise.

They had a long, earnest talk under the maples that day, from which each gained some new ideas. They were both interested in the work of enlarging the number of Lend a Hands, although each was working in an entirely different way.

They were among the first to reach the vestry, where the monthly meetings of the society were held. As one after another of the members came in, Flossie introduced her cousin, and they were soon the centre of an admiring group.

Miss Nettie Eason was from the city; that of itself gave her prestige among these country youths and maidens.

"What are you doing now?" inquired Nettie, as she finished an interesting account of the work her Ten was doing.

"Oh dear! don't ask us, after all your delightful work. We haven't money to give, only time," sighed Jennie Foley. "Of course we try to lend a hand whenever we can. We are pledged to do it, at least once a day, but it is all little things, not worth mentioning."

Nettie smiled. Flossie had told her that morning that Jennie Foley was their best worker. It was she who had proposed their taking old Mrs. Bower for their special charge; and each day one or another would go in and read or talk with the lonely old lady, until she felt quite "heartened up."

"That is the beauty of our work, that little things count," replied Nettie, with a winning smile. "I would not have you neglect one of them. Yet I can think of important work which you could do, even without money. With such an abundance of wild flowers, you could have a flourishing Flower Mission. Then couldn't you interest the young people in a reading circle? those outside your Ten, I mean; and you might make jams and jellies for invalids. These are all simple, inexpensive ways of working."

"Oh! Miss Eason, you haven't an idea of the difficulties surrounding even these simple things," laughed Harold Andrews. "I believe Quilema is different from any other place in the world. We have absolutely no poor people here. All are able to provide for themselves. The poor-house is empty — so to whom should we give our flowers and jellies?"

"And we are all so poor, we can't buy books to read," added Etta Morse.

Flossie laughed at the evident contradiction.

"Some of you take papers and magazines?" said Nettie inquiringly. She was the leading spirit of their set at home, and now felt in her rightful place as suggester and planner. "Perhaps our Ten can lend you a helping hand. I have it. We will co-operate. If you will begin a voyage around the world (we began last year, and had Italy, Spain, Austria, and France,) we can lend you our books and pictures, and our programmes. This year we shall take Germany, Switzerland, Russia, Norway, and Sweden."

"And we can send you our wild flowers, and jams and jellies," laughed Flossie. "Perhaps you can dispose of them."

Before the evening was over, they had formed a definite plan of action.

The next week an invitation was given for all the young people of the town who would like to spend one evening of each week in reading about Europe, to meet at Mr. Arnow's, Tuesday evening. Flossie was surprised and delighted. She had no idea so many would come. It was well that Nettie was there; no one else could so quickly have organized the diverse elements into a harmonious circle.

After Nettie's return to the city, the Quilema Lend a Hand went bravely to work. The leisure hours of each Monday were spent gathering wild flowers, and packing them for the early train, Tuesday morning. Tuesday evening was devoted to European travel; while on Wednesday, a calling committee, Nettie's suggestion, began its canvass of the town.

"You do not know how much you may be needed in some farmhouse, or what valuable help you may find. Perhaps your most important work may be in some isolated family," Nettie had remarked.

Others not on this committee were making raspberry and blackberry jams and jellies. Others were pressing ferns and leaves, and making ferneries for some of Nettie's proteges. Each week, a hamper of delicacies accompanied the flowers, for the invalids of whom Nettie wrote such glowing accounts. This was filled by the mothers, many of whom now wore the Maltese cross.

Each week Nettie sent long letters to Flossie, giving the details of their work for the week, what had been done with the contributions from Quilema, and what new cases had been added to their visiting list. She had sent the books and prints she had promised, and now each letter contained a poem, another picture, or a slip from some daily paper.

Through her, the young people of Quilema were becoming acquainted with many phases of city life, and with Nettie's co-workers.

Flossie kept Nettie informed of the work they were doing in Quilema, aside from city work. How in their calls they had found a girl with such a wonderful voice, but the family was poor. She did not know that farmers could be so poor, and Helen Golding was teaching the girl to sing. There was another girl, who lived up under the mountain, who was trying to pick berries enough to earn

a magazine. "We bought them all, and will send them to you in our Thanksgiving box, transformed into preserves."

It was just the experience Nettie's Ten needed. It gave them a glimpse of the beautiful country side of life. They found ways in which they could co-operate, too, without neglecting their legitimate work. A few simple songs were sent Helen Golding for the use of her pupil, and the young girl under the mountain received *Wide Awake* each month, after Nettie's brother had finished it.

When the berries were gone, the girls attacked the apples and plums, while the boys brought in nuts and popcorn. The Thanksgiving hamper overflowed and a large barrel was filled. There was even a huge turkey, which Mr. Golding brought down.

When these reached the city Nettie's friends were jubilant. They had not expected nearly so much.

"I wish there was something we could do for the Quilema Ten that would help them as much as this has us," remarked Louise Burton.

Then Nettie proposed a scheme she had been cherishing for weeks. The girls eagerly assented. From Thanksgiving until Christmas there were few wasted moments, by either Ten. The Quilema Ten were knitting mittens and hoods, making scrap books and gathering evergreens.

When they met at Mr. Arnow's the week before Christmas, to pack their finished work, Flossie, her eyes aglow with excitement, took a letter from her pocket and read it to her astonished friends.

The Ten at Lenox sent greeting to the Ten at Quilema, and would they please spend the holidays at Lenox and witness the distribution of their gifts. Each of Nettie's Ten wished to entertain one of Flossie's Ten as her guest, and a pleasant time was promised. This last was Nettie's addition, and then she explained some of their plans for the week.

This seemed like an invitation to visit fairy-land, and all the girls were eager to go; but even in this there was an opportunity, and, "In His Name," Flossie sent her ticket to the young girl under the mountain, while instead of Helen Golding went the young singer.

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

PERSONS who are forming clubs, or are interested in Ten Times One work, are requested to address all letters of inquiry to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Whitman is the central secretary of the clubs, and will gladly give information or help in forming them. It is desirable to keep the list of clubs as complete as possible, and all clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes which have not sent in their names are requested to do so.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

For three successive winters the little children's Helping Hands have met fortnightly, from November to May, at the Preble Chapel Mission. Notwithstanding the fact that the leading assistant of the society was absent from the city for many weeks, this season has been pleasant and successful.

In charge of the faithful Right Hand, the good work went forward. Ten meetings were held; the smallest number of children present was ten; the largest, twenty-six. At each meeting, after repeating together the motto, — "Helping Hands and Loving Hearts," — the children listened to a bright and helpful story, holding themselves in readiness to answer questions about it. The Right Hand then collected pretty cards, pennies, which a few of the children had saved for the good work, and kind deeds, written on slips of paper. These little slips are always given without names, and by them we may know something of the private work of the Helping Hands. After a little talk about the kind deeds, the children join in songs and games, repeat the motto, and are excused.

This year, through the kindness of two ladies, we received more than two hundred beautiful cards for scrap-books. The books are made of cambric, with pretty pasteboard covers. Two interested friends have made fifteen of them within three years, from the cards collected by the Helping Hands; and the children themselves have had the pleasure of giving them to little invalids. This year, three were given away — one to a six-year-old boy with a broken arm, and the others to two little consumptives.

Out of the proceeds of our entertainment last year, a dollar was given to the Fresh Air Fund; to the remainder, — one dollar and ten cents, — the children added, in the course of the winter, thirty cents. With this money we have tried to do something to brighten the lives of sick children. To a little girl at the hospital we sent two oranges, and a drawing-slate with transferable pictures. A Christmas-box of fruit and candy, with two or three little gifts, was sent to one of our number, now at the Industrial School. Second-hand toys were sent to the boy with the broken arm, and for Eva Allen, a blind, helpless little sufferer, five children made the day a happy one. They sang to her their Christmas carols, made her a present of a doll, bought with Helping Hand money, and gave to her, also, a little music-box, the gift of a friend.

Cakes and fruit have been carried by the children to little folks who could not enjoy out-door fun, and at Easter, the last of our money was spent for pretty flowering plants for Eva and another sick child.

Our last meeting was held in the evening; the story of the year's work was told, and the simple entertainment which followed was well worth the five cents charged for admission. It was a very happy evening, for everybody came and enjoyed everything.

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends were all interested in our work, and were glad to leave their pennies in such good keeping — or rather, spending. The Saturday before the entertainment, the children recited their pieces for Eva Allen, so even she had a share in the good time.

This completes the work done by the society, but the eighty-four kind deeds written on the slips of paper will have something more to show. A few selected ones will prove that the children have begun to look for good rather than evil, that they have begun to think of others, that they have learned that even the poorest among them may give, as well as receive, and that they can give nothing more pleasing to their Heavenly Father, than the love of kindly hearts, and the work of helping hands.

KIND DEEDS—SELECTED.

1. I saw a little girl give another girl an orange.

2. I helped my mother washing-day.
3. I helped a woman carry some bundles.
4. I helped a little girl, and she thanked me.
5. I let a little girl take my sled because she had none.
6. I saw a little girl standing with her coat unbuttoned, and I buttoned it for her.
7. I carried playthings to a little sick girl.
8. I saw a young man help an old man haul a barrel of ashes up a hill one night in winter.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

OUR little club is composed of ten girls, ages from sixteen to nineteen, members of a Sunday-school class. They formed themselves into a club last winter, calling it the H. H. H., which means Head, Heart and Hand. Their motto is:

"Whatever thy hand finds to do, do with thy might."

They buy material and make garments for poor children. In five months they have made forty-six, which, I think, is doing good work. The girls have little money, and with two exceptions are in school.

ATLANTA, GA.

WE have in Atlanta two clubs; one called the Lend a Hand Club, for colored girls from ten to twelve years of age, who give their nickels to help an old colored man, and the other is a Look-up Legion Club of fifteen boys, who meet every two weeks at our school to spend a few moments in private instruction on "Good Work to be Done" and "How to do it;" then a full half-hour for games, readings, etc. It has grown beautifully, and they give all they can to support the needy. They enjoy giving so much. They contributed one dollar toward the support of the new Colored Orphanage started this summer. I wish you could see their willingness in giving. They gave a candy-pulling and sold it at ten cents per plate, raising ten dollars for the new parsonage.

These clubs were organized after Dr. Hale lectured in our Storrs School in Atlanta.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE Fresh Air Mission of Buffalo sails under the colors of Ten Times One, and we find the badge and mottoes on the cover of their first report.

The mission was organized in May, 1888, by two teachers in the Sunday-school of the Church of the Messiah. They admit they had little idea of the magnitude of the work, but they bravely pushed on. The parents of the children were suspicious of such kindness at first, and were reluctant to give their consent. Many a poor woman was afraid her children would be stolen from her, while others readily gave consent, but at the appointed time failed to send the children. One hundred and six children from the different parts of the city were sent, and came back wild with delight, and the committee apprehended no trouble on that score in the season of 1889. At first there were few invitations for the children, but afterwards many country homes took them in. The railroads were kind in reducing rates, and the use of omnibuses was freely given. This proves the truth of a statement made by one of our correspondents this month: "People will help if they see you working." The statistics show that one hundred and six children were cared for at an average of seventy-five cents each.

The committee sum up the work as follows:—

"The results of the first season are gratifying. In a number of cases the visit lengthened from two weeks to the remainder of the summer; homes have been found for two of the oldest boys since their visit. In three or more cases children would have been adopted if the consent of the parents could have been obtained. Often we hear of some mark of love or care that still reaches the children from the motherly women in the country.

"There are some disappointments, and we remember them—to guard against such results the coming season.

"The young people of the Church of the Messiah have been the first in our city to organize a Fresh Air Mission. Shall it not be established among the charities of Buffalo?

"The press has welcomed it with its hearty endorsement. Men, women, and little children have wished us 'God speed,' with open hands. The Fresh Air Mission has received a hearty endorsement from both city and country."

HUDSON, N. Y.

OUR Ten was quickly formed, all eager to do their utmost, but not one of us able to do more than we were doing right along: simply the duty that lay nearest. We are all of the world's workers — book-keepers, school-teachers, nurses, dressmakers, and one of our number is a missionary far away on the eastern coast of Africa.

Two dear invalids among us are our most helpful ones, for their occasional letters, full of sweet trustfulness, strengthen and encourage us on our way, and as their opportunities are limited they more clearly see the tiny little things which can be done in His Name which we busy workers would overlook.

Changes, unexpected, have come to each one of us during the year, and we find ourselves scattered all over the country. We have, however, fourteen names enrolled. Strange as it may seem, we have never had a meeting! Some of us have never seen each other's faces, and probably never will until we meet with the great company of those who are living, and have lived and worked, in His Name. We chose for the name of our club the word "Continuing." One of our invalids, the first of my Ten, wrote: —

"I like the name 'Continuing,' for it does not make me feel as though I had pledged myself to do any great work, but just, day by day, doing the little things for love of the Master and in His Name."

So, though so widely separated, we are still continuing, and trying to live each day at our very best. Some of our number have had great sorrows and heavy trials to bear, but still go on striving to make sunshine in other lives.

BEDFORD, MASS.

My class met at my home in June and formed the club. They chose for a name the Help One Another Club of the King's Daughters. Each one is to earn her badge, and bring the money to the next meeting. We are to meet once a month. The work for the present is for the Flower Mission. Each agreed to do at least one kind act every day. The work must necessarily consist of little things, as they are all children of working parents. Two of them live in adjoining towns and seldom will be able to meet with us. We accept the Wadsworth mottoes.

INTELLIGENCE.

RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

LETTER FROM THE PUNDITA RAMABAI.

SHARADA SADAN,
CHOWPATTY, BOMBAY, }
July 9, 1889. }

TO-DAY is a holiday, a great feast of the Hindus. Nearly all the girls are going to keep the feast, so I had to give them a holiday. All the public and private schools are closed for to-day.

We are having the rainy season now. The girls come from far and near. Some of them are able to pay two rupees a month for their carriage hire, but many cannot, so I am waiting the order as to the purchase of a carriage and a pair of bullocks. In the hot season (which lasts eight months in Bombay) the sun is scorching, and in the rainy season the rain is always pouring. We must protect the girls from both. We could not get a house in the very populous part of the city, as the surroundings are not healthy there, so the school is rather too far for the girls to walk to every day. For the sake of the boarders we have to be very careful and have a healthy, airy house for them to live in.

I have to teach, to prepare lessons, to receive and see people who come to inquire about the school, to look after the household work, and look after the girls. And besides that I have to attend a ladies' meeting on every Saturday, as that is the only way I can get some of the women in the town, and give them instruction in different matters. People here are not anxious to know anything. They think it a great kindness

on their part if they answer your call or send their girls to your school, established at your own cost, and in a carriage hired by yourself. You see, they are like sick children who do not wish to take medicine. You have to coax them to take it. So I have to coax these people to hear what I have to say in every way possible.

The people of Poona invited me to lecture there, and I accepted the invitation. They did not give me even the travelling expenses. I had to pay from my own pocket, but they thought it a great kindness on their part to have invited me to lecture, and it was I who, in their opinion, ought to have thanked them.

I was also invited to go to Sholapur and Barsi, which I did. I occasionally accept these invitations, and I find speaking to the public to be the best means of turning public opinion in favor of this movement. You will be surprised, as I was, to know that the people of Barsi were very enthusiastic and pleased after they heard me speak. I had desired to see the women of Barsi, but they would not come to hear me in the lecture hall. "What do we know about a lecture?" said they; "we have never heard one; we cannot go to hear one." So I was urged upon by the men of Barsi to read the Hindu Scriptures. I said, "All right! I have, like Paul of old, to be a Jew for the Jews and a Greek for the Greeks." I selected a nice part of one of the Puranas,* and read and explained it to a crowd of men and women. In the afternoon it was arranged that I should deliver that semi-religious lecture in a temple. Here was the climax! Nobody had ever heard or seen the orthodox Hindu letting a Christian outcast enter into his sacred temple. The people of Barsi did not only allow me to go in the temple, but besought me to speak and read a portion of their sacred book! I thought this was a nineteenth century miracle. I selected a beautiful part, for there are many passages

* The Puranas are eighteen poetical works in the Sanscrit language. They relate to legends and traditions of holy places and sects, and are read at the great festivals.

as good and pure as those of the Bible, and read it to the women. They were much pleased, and pressed me to stay a little longer, but I could not do so. I told them my school duties prevented me from staying in Barsi, but that I might come again on another holiday.

I have applications from three more widows. I am told by a lady missionary, who visits many families, that there are many widows in Bombay who are so anxious to come and stay with me and study, that some of them even cry because their fathers or mothers will not allow them to come here. This shows that there is a desire among them to get an education and freedom, and if they have a will they are sure to find the way to carry their plans out. The day is not far when our institution will be overcrowded, and we will be obliged to send many widows away for want of room and money to support them.

We are getting along nicely with our school work, so far, but we need a technical teacher.

THE readers of *LEND A HAND* who have followed, month by month, the record of work done by Ramabai since her arrival in Bombay, must be assured (if they were lacking in faith) of the utility of the project, and the great need of such an institution as the Sharada Sadan. It is to be hoped that contributions will be sent in to such a generous amount that no poor child-widow may be turned away from its doors, even if the number should be double that for which the original provision was made.

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Bay State Trust Co., 87 Boylston Street, Boston, is the treasurer of the Ramabai Association, and will gladly receive money to be devoted to general expenses, or the building fund, as may be desired by the giver. Particulars with regard to the work may be had by addressing the secretary, Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, N. Y.

PROFESSOR ELY'S NEW POLITICAL ECONOMY.

PROF. RICHARD T. ELY, of Johns Hopkins University, has just written a book on political economy for the special use of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

The book is designed for popular reading. It does not pretend to be a comprehensive text-book of political economy; and Professor Ely has guarded against treating inadequately, in a few brief sentences, subjects which require whole chapters to give the readers intelligent conceptions of them. He treats his topics suggestively, without attempting to make them complete. He calls his book *An Introduction to Political Economy*; and its aim is to give the readers such a general survey of the whole field of political economy that when they afterwards take up special topics, like labor, money, or taxation, they may see the unity of the whole science of political economy, and read with intelligence. The book aims also to stimulate this study of special topics. To this end each subject is treated so as to suggest further reading, and references are given to the best books, and the best magazine articles, on the various subjects treated in the book. Professor Ely wishes the book to leave the impression that political economy is an interesting and important branch of knowledge; also the impression that the readers know what political economy is all about, but that they do not yet know much about it; and that they are now in a position to learn something. The book is, consequently, one for beginners; the language is simple, and the scientific terms which it was necessary to use have been made plain by illustration. Yet, notwithstanding its simple language and popular treatment of subjects, the book is not as easy reading as a story, for there is hardly one of the two hundred and sixty special topics which

is not so full of suggestion for further thought and further reading, that the readers' thoughts will delay upon the subject in hand, instead of adapting themselves readily to the next subject presented.

To the list of subjects which always find place in economic discussions, like labor, capital, taxation, money, credit, property, rents, profits, etc., Professor Ely has added another list, like divorce, temperance, patriotism, public spirit, brotherly love, religion, standards of life, hygiene, history, physiology, and philosophy, which one does not think of as bearing directly upon political economy, and he shows how the material welfare of society depends upon them all. He also takes his illustrations from things with which we are all familiar. Land rent is measured in potatoes, coal used in a furnace is circulating capital, while the cart that delivers the coal is fixed capital.

On the tariff Professor Ely presents the general arguments for protection and for free trade; he gives directions for further reading on the subject, and then suggests that the tariff is not a very important subject, anyway, in comparison with other questions of the public good which the tariff discussion keeps out of sight. His conclusion about socialism is that our civilization will be rich and full only when the two principles of public business and private business are co-ordinate. Some kinds of business are done better by the government; but some people prefer private initiative and activity. A business which is a monopoly is odious in private hands, but a blessing in the hands of the government. He "holds that social reform is likely to accomplish more valuable results than socialism. What is needed is a free and peaceful evolution of industrial institutions, but not a radical departure from fundamental institutions."

Professor Ely views the economic situation with an optimistic eye, and sees something good in nearly every movement in society. Legislation, education, labor organizations, farmers' societies, mutual aid societies, building

associations, and socialist movements, are all helping to improve the economic welfare of the whole people.

The feature of Professor Ely's book which distinguishes it from other books on political economy is the importance which it gives in economic discussion to moral qualities and social duties. It assumes that men meet in business transactions as brothers, not as strangers. Political economy is not the science of "sharp practice and hard bargaining." It is not heartless. It is not a science which tells the laboring man to "abandon hope." It does not concern itself with the wealth of the individual, but with the wealth of society. It has for its object the greatest prosperity for the greatest number. It does not even ask "How can a nation become wealthy?" but "How can the economic institutions and arrangements of a nation be so ordered that the highest welfare of all citizens may be promoted?" This social feature is prominent in the definition of political economy which Professor Ely gives. In general terms, it is "the science which treats of man as a member of economic society." In a more limited sense: "Political economy is the science which deals with social phenomena from the economic standpoint."

Professor Ely urges the importance of social ideals in the study of political economy, and says that at the beginning of earnest study of the subject we should make up our minds "what we really desire for society." "Do we regard all human beings as brothers, and have we a sincere longing for the welfare of all? Do we think that the earth and all the riches of art, science, literature, and industry are for all, to be enjoyed by all, so far as practicable, in proportion to their real needs? * * * Or do we, on the contrary, perhaps without a full consciousness of the fact, hold that some are born to subserve the gain of others? Do we think that only some of us, and not all of us, have talents which we ought to improve; that is, to develop in the most complete manner possible all faculties, physical, mental, moral, spiritual?"

Professor Ely makes political economy identical with

social good, so far as the good of society depends upon material things; and the social economy depends so completely upon moral and spiritual qualities that right action is shown to have a high economic value.

STATISTICS OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

AN investigation has been undertaken at Vassar College, with the object of ascertaining some of the conditions of household service in this country. There are many perplexing questions, affecting both employer and employed, which it does not seem possible to discuss intelligently without a broad basis of fact. It is to secure certain necessary data in regard to wages and labor that the work has been begun. We hope many housekeepers will "lend a hand" and contribute to the work out of the abundance of their housekeeping experience.

Three schedules on which to supply information have been prepared. The first, for employers, calls for the number of employed, the wages paid each, hours of labor, time allowed during the week, and information in regard to the population and industrial character of the community. The second blank, to be filled out by those employed, concerns the questions of nationality, wages received, and length of service. The third schedule asks for information regarding co-operative housekeeping, the woman's exchange, training schools for those employed, and household employments in public and private schools.

These schedules will be sent, return-postage pre-paid, to all who are sufficiently interested in the subject to fill them out, on application to the Department of History, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

AN APPEAL FROM ALABAMA.

THE following appeal to Look-Up Legion and other Lend a Hand Clubs comes to us from an accomplished teacher in Alabama. We have already received from different quarters very encouraging responses to it. Will not the different clubs like to make up the amount now needed, which is about two hundred dollars, so that we may remit it immediately?

"I have been trying for several years past to do something to ameliorate the condition of the convicts confined in the mining prisons. In a lonely gorge among the hills you will see a rough stockade. Within it is a large wooden building equally rough, known by its barred windows to be a prison. Somewhere within the stockade is a tunnel, by which the prisoners enter the mine early every morning. Each carries a bucket containing his dinner and his mining implements. At the close of the day they emerge from the earth, and for those who have dug the prescribed number of tons the troubles of the day are over; but for those who have failed without satisfactory excuse to dig their task the day closes with a certain number of lashes. There are children as young as nine years old among the criminals. I have succeeded in getting the state to appoint a mission teacher wherever there are a hundred of these poor wretches hired to contractors. There is no provision for a home for the teacher at the mines. The warden's family are absent for the summer, and the teacher has a home with him in his cabin for the present. But I want the money to build a cabin especially for the teacher, and the thought has struck me of appealing for aid in this work to the Look-Up Legions. Can you get any assistance from them? I wish you could find a Father Damien for this work in the Protestant Church."

In a later letter the same correspondent writes : —

“It seemed God’s good Providence that, just at the darkest hour, July 3rd, two days after the visit of the state physician, I should have been able to begin a night school and daily hospital services there, with a young missionary who must seem to them, in their dark estate, like a Son of the Morning. But he returns to the State University on the 1st of September, and I have no one to fill the place. I am trusting in God to send me some one. Do you know of no young Harry Wadsworth, who will come to help us there for at least three months?”

The report of Dr. Cochran, the State Health Officer, on the epidemic of dysentery which appeared in the prison during the first six months in the year, was published on the 17th of July. As to what should have been done he says : “It is easy to say now that the convicts should have been moved away from the infected prison to some salubrious locality in the month of March ; or if this was, for any reason, impracticable, certainly the reception of new convicts should have been prohibited.”

The tabular statement of the epidemic shows that with an average number of about three hundred convicts they had twenty-eight cases of dysentery (in six months, apparently), of which cases five sufferers died.

Dr. Cochran’s report makes suggestions which will certainly be complied with, if we rightly appreciate the character of the distinguished Governor of Alabama, and the means at his command.

THE HUMANE JAPANESE.

OUR readers probably noticed the unanimous action of Congress, at the suggestion of Hon. Horace Cutler of California, — appropriating five thousand dollars for some memorial, proper to mark the nation's gratitude, for the "kindness" shown by the inhabitants of the island Tanegashima to the shipwrecked sailors of the bark *Cashmere*.

We are now glad to say that the American minister in Japan, Mr. Hubbard, obtained, through the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, the names of the most prominent of these humane islanders, and had presented to them beautiful gold medals with their names engraved, and with the thanks of the people of the United States. A present of some money was made, and, moreover, all who had been at expense for clothing, second passage, etc., etc., were reimbursed.

The disposition of the appropriation for the purpose of rewarding the inhabitants of the island has been decided upon, and the amount of the appropriation (\$5000) handed over to the Japanese Government. It was deemed advisable to divide the fund in two equal parts, and then to form two distinct educational funds, one for each of the villages; both amounts to be invested in Japanese Government consolidated bonds. This arrangement was proposed by the local authorities and sanctioned by the Imperial Government, both being satisfied that this plan would result in the most permanent benefit to the localities concerned.

A tablet will be placed in each school, setting forth this circumstance of the appropriation by the government of the United States.

Only the interest on the amount appropriated will be used, and the chief officer of each village will be responsible

for the employment of good teachers. The money has been turned over to the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, who assumes, for his government, the responsibility of carrying out the plan.

BOYS' CLUBS.

UNDER Mr. Collins's wise supervision the establishment of Boys' Clubs and reading-rooms goes steadily forward in the large cities of Massachusetts. As our readers should remember, a special committee has been formed of gentlemen of influence in all parts of the state. Nearly three thousand dollars was subscribed, in the spring, to meet necessary initial expenses, of which the result is that the Worcester Club will be open early in this month of September. It is hoped that before the end of this month the Lynn Club may be opened, and before October is over, that in Fall River. Mr. Collins and the gentlemen who work with him hope that six or eight clubs may be opened in as many of the larger cities of Massachusetts before April of 1890.

This is a very satisfactory beginning.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

THE Association for the Advancement of Household Science is an organization of housekeepers and others — men as well as women — who are interested in advanced methods of housekeeping and the general improvement of the home.

The objects of the Association are : —

1. To collect and disseminate information in regard to the most approved plans of building comfortable, convenient, well-ventilated houses; and the easiest and best methods of doing all kinds of housework.

2. To systematize those plans and methods, and put them into practical operation.

3. To study the principles of nutrition and the chemistry of foods; and to apply the knowledge obtained by such study to improving the character of our national cookery.

4. To make it a distinction, and an honor, among women to be good cooks and housekeepers; and to make domestic employments of equal repute with teaching, office work, or any occupation by which a woman earns money.

5. To promote in all possible ways the establishment of schools for the special education of housekeepers, matrons, stewards, caterers, cooks, and those having supervision of the diet of large numbers of people; to the end that such special education may be required, in all cases, of persons undertaking the duties of any such positions.

6. To insist upon skilled labor in all departments of the household, and upon making the rate of compensation for such labor dependent upon its character and quality.

Any person, by the payment of one dollar annually, may become a member of the Association.

At the last meeting of the Association different lines of work were assigned various members to report on at the next meeting in September. For instance: How a house costing

\$3000 can be best furnished for \$1000. How an income of \$1500 can be best expended for the comfort, etc., of a family of six. How the work of such a family can be best systematized and performed, etc., etc., with suggestions in regard to the approximate time the mother should spend daily in the nursery, to the ventilation and sanitation of the home, the preparation of the family diet, etc., etc. From this it may be seen the A. A. H. S. means to try to accomplish some practical work.

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BOSTON. — *Boys' Institute of Industry*. Fourth Annual Report. *President*, Rev. E. E. Hale; *Clerk*, J. Stilman Smith. The Institute maintains classes for instruction in carpentering to boys. Current expenses, \$673.65; balance on hand, \$174.75.

BOSTON. — *Ward XVI. Day Nursery*. Second Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. N. M. Joslin; *Secretary*, Mrs. L. Shannon Davis. The Nursery is a pleasant home where a working mother can bring her baby and leave it for the day for a small sum. Current expenses, \$1,253.14; balance on hand, \$463.46.

BOSTON. — *Home for Aged Men*. Twenty-eighth Annual Report. *President*, D. Waldo Salisbury; *Clerk*, David H. Coolidge. The Society provides a home for, and otherwise assists, respectable aged and indigent men. Current expenses, \$22,690.50; balance on hand, \$3,318.57.

NEW YORK. — *Working Girls' Vacation Society*. Fifth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. James F. Drummond; *Secretary*, Mrs. William Herbert. The object of the Society is to assist working-girls in going to the country for a short vacation during the heat of summer. Current expenses, \$4,646.21; balance on hand, \$7,484.96.

NORWICH, CONN. — *United Workers*. Twelfth Annual Report. *Secretary*, Sarah B. Gibbs. The United Workers

attempt to relieve physical suffering, and also to better the condition of poor people by education and teaching them to help themselves. Current expenses, \$8,007.64; balance on hand, \$1,694.89.

ROXBURY, MASS. — *Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor*. First Annual Report. *Chairman*, Dr. William P. Bolles; *Secretary*, Mr. Arthur C. Williams. The object is to establish a permanent system of relief for the sick poor of Roxbury. Current expenses, \$534.45; balance on hand, \$585.58.

SAN FRANCISCO. — *Silver Street Kindergarten Society*. Seventh Annual Statement. *President*, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander; *Secretary*, Mr. W. E. Brown. The Society supports three free kindergartens with money given by individuals interested in this work. Current expenses, \$2,365.53; balance on hand, \$464.75.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES.

THE National Conference of Charities holds its annual session this year in San Francisco, September 11-18. The programme is one of unusual interest and value to charity workers, and doubtless there will be a full attendance. Rt. Rev. Geo. D. Gillespie, of Michigan, is president this year.

A Record of Progress and Journal of Good Citizenship.

SEND ALL ORDERS

3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The popularity of the *Forum* has induced us to procure for subscribers to LEND A HAND a combination rate. We will send LEND A HAND and the *Forum* for one year to any address for \$5.00. The usual price of the two is \$7.00.

LEND A HAND.—Edward Everett Hale's "Magazine of Organized Charity" is the best practical exponent in that field of Christian labor. We commend it heartily to all engaged or interested in philanthropic work. It is healthy, practical, sensible and wide-awake from cover to cover. There is no crankiness or cant or pessimistic malaria in it, but it is full of practical Christian benevolence and common sense.—*Literary Observer*.

The Cosmopolitan. "The cheapest illustrated monthly in the world." Price, \$2.40 per year. We have made arrangements with the manager of the *Cosmopolitan* to offer it together with LEND A HAND for the unprecedented low price of \$2.50.

The second part of Edward Everett Hale's "Sunday School Stories," founded on the texts of the International Series of Sunday School lessons, and covering the last six months of this year, is ready. The plan of the earlier volume, the illustration of the truth and value of moral principles in the daily conduct of youth, is followed with the appreciation of the nature addressed, and in the entertaining style that made it so quickly sought by teachers and parents. The stories by Lucretia P. Hale and Mrs. Bernard Whitman, and intended for quite young children, and on the texts of the same part of the year, are also ready, as we advertise in this number. No better investment can be made for the Sunday school. Roberts Brothers, Publishers.

It is with great regret that we are obliged to say that we cannot undertake to return manuscripts. We have a very large staff of regular contributors for this journal. We solicit privately, from all quarters, articles by specialists on the subjects which we treat. The number of papers we have from such sources is very much larger than our space permits us to use. We are, therefore, in no position to use the articles of volunteers. We should not pay for them if we did use them, and they merely add to the difficulties of compressing within sixty-four pages the valuable papers which would occupy three or four hundred. We print this, not ungraciously, but with the wish to save trouble to those who are kind enough to remember us in the distribution of their favors.